THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCII.—No. 1201]
DECEMBER 22, 1926
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

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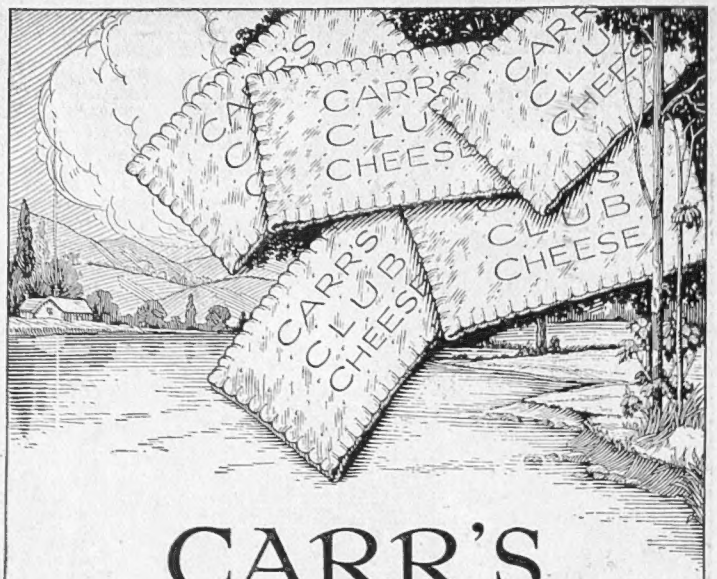

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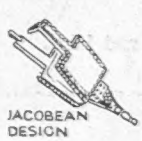
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"THE TIMES" said:

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26 ECCLESTON SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.1.

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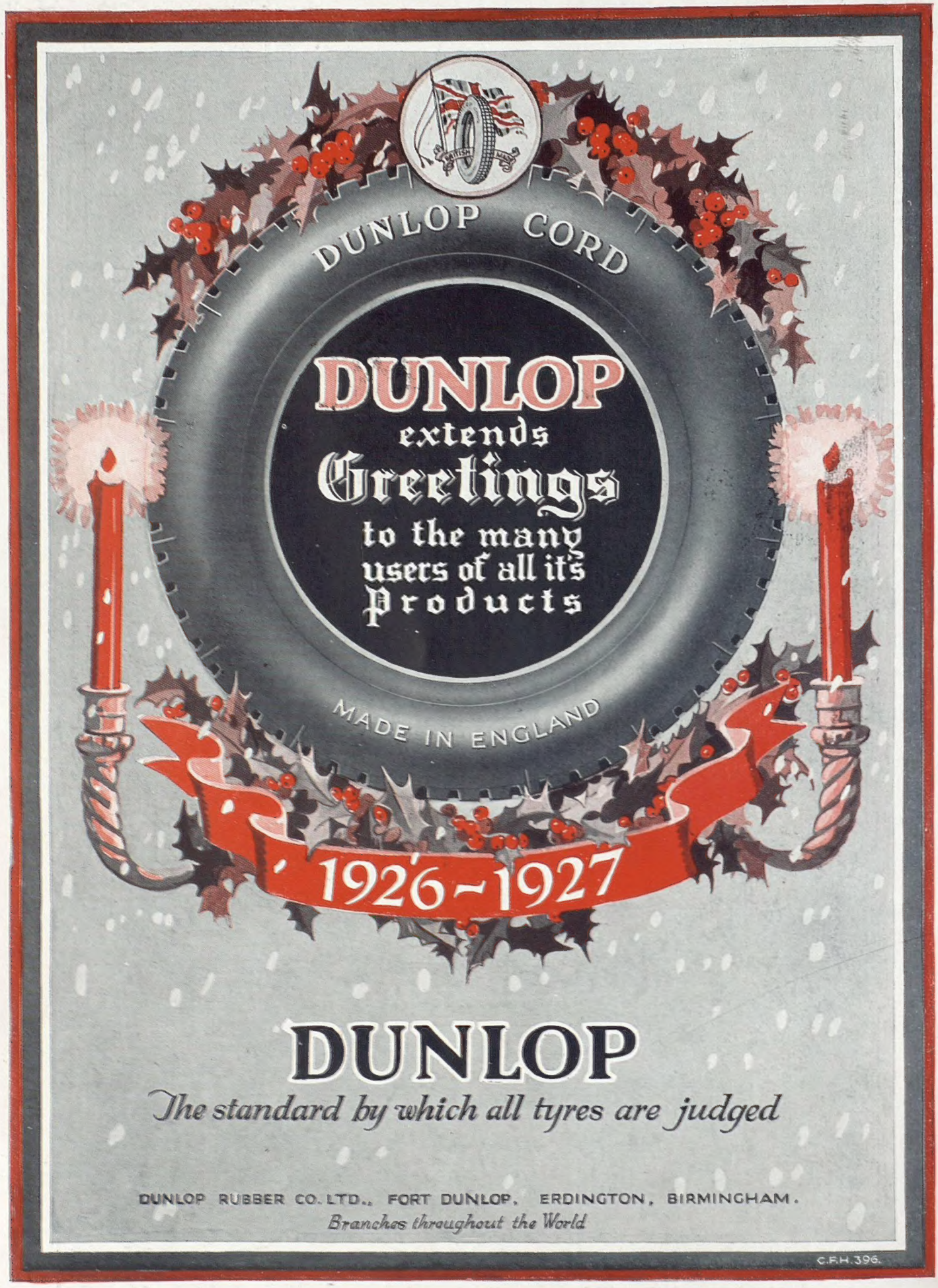
RH

The Bystander, December 22, 1926 No. 1201 Vol. XCII

The BYSTANDER

THE MASK

BY BLAM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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The Skein of Fate

IT is time that we concerned ourselves with the coming year and, to that end, I have been consulting the prophetic writings of my elderly colleague, Old Moore. Once again the seer dips into the future to unravel the skein of human fate, and I am glad to know that "the year of human redemption," 1927, opens with brighter prospects, even though "the world is shocked by news of a serious accident" during the opening days of the New Year.

No Occult Aid

BUT we do not need Old Moore to tell us that "a review of the financial statement for the past year shows that we are still too heavily burdened by taxes." We would much rather know which horse is going to win the Derby, but, alas, as in the gentle art of table turning, we receive no occult aid in that direction. Spiritualism is making the most sensational strides, but its bearing on life remains rather sentimental than practical, and any effort to turn it to financial account is sternly discouraged. Just like Old Moore, in fact!

No Lions, By Request

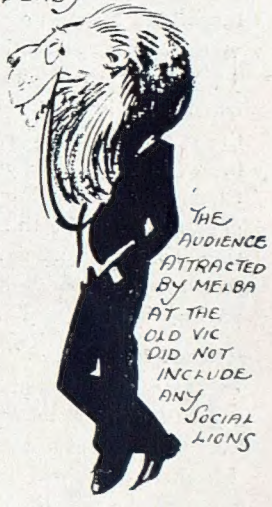
MY sympathies were with Miss Lilian Baylis when she expressed the hope that the audience attracted by Melba to the Old Vic did not include any social lions, but was just an Old Vic audience. Art has always suffered from the attentions of upper-class people with middle-class minds. A new bohemian club or restaurant goes merrily along for a time, and then, if it is sufficiently successful, the awful social blight sets in, and the real artists move in a mysterious way, leaving the field free for the parasites who are anxious to exploit them. The rafters of a certain dance club bear the legend, "Boiled shirts not recommended," and there is a good deal of reason in the request—so far as that particular club is concerned.

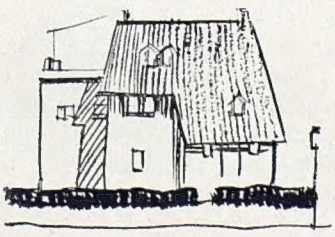
Solemn and Awful

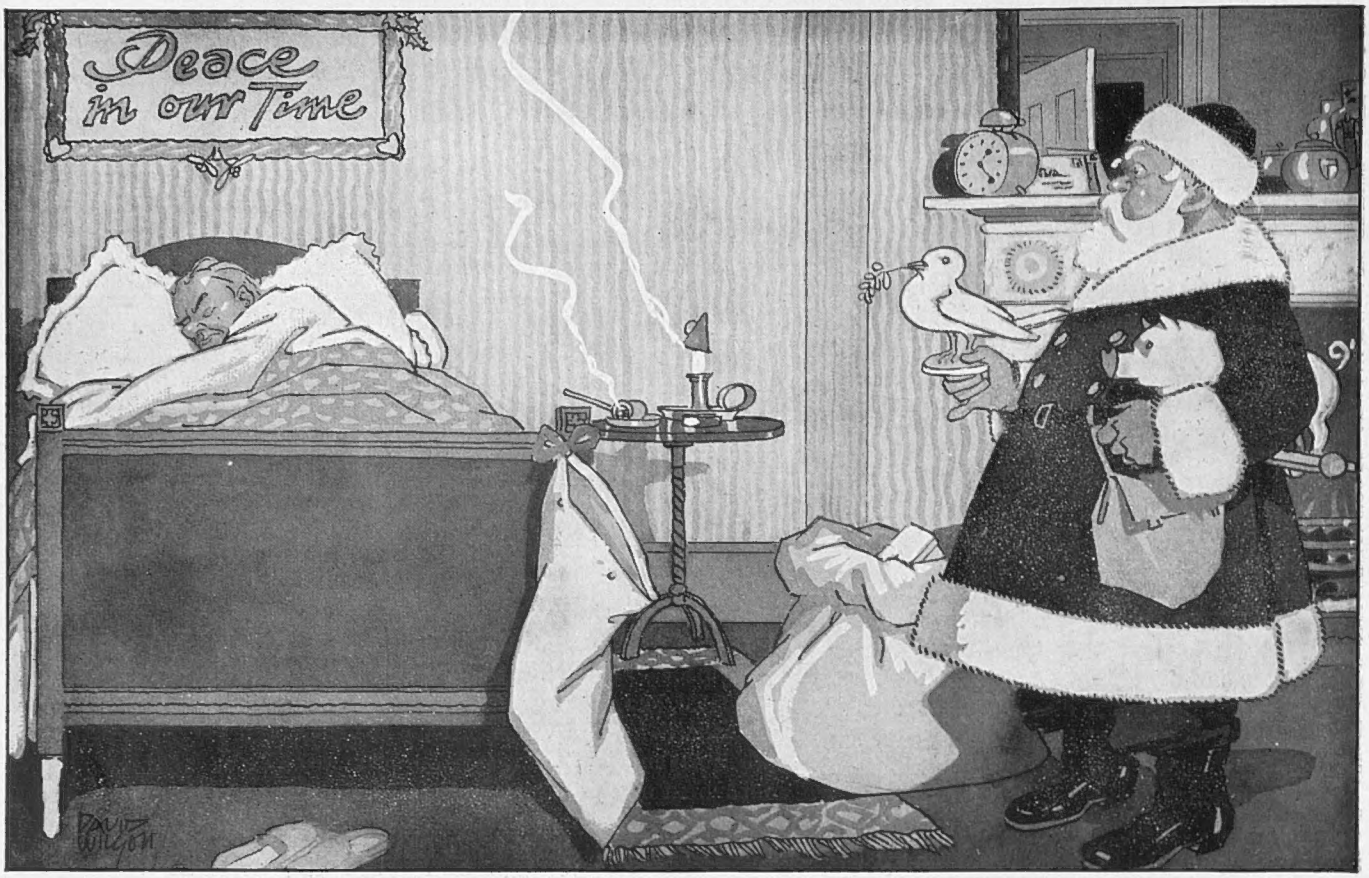
THE cabled offer of a music-hall engagement to Mrs. Charlie Chaplin—prompted, one must suppose, by her domestic infelicities—raises a whole platoon of minor problems and possibilities. The offer was announced on this side before Mrs. Chaplin had had an opportunity to refuse it—as, of course, she did. We are not told if there was a clause in the contract insisting on the appearance of the "Chaplin babies," but whether there was or no, it is a solemn and awful thought that any manager of touring revues who is on the look-out for a "stunt," may send a telegram to any citizen, and broadcast the fact that the offer has been made.

One Point of View

WHEN I speak of "my evening paper," I do not necessarily refer to one particular sheet of one particular political line. To be quite candid, I give them all a turn, and so try to preserve my sanity by setting off one prejudice against another. As a result, I have learned that Danish bacon is now so highly esteemed in this country that its source of origin has become a strong point in its favour, and the retailer finds it to his advantage to sell it as such. This, says my evening paper, is a significant fact in considering the possible effects of the Merchandise Marks Bill now before Parliament. It would be a strange and ironical thing if "Made in England," instead of being a guarantee of quality, became a warning to the purchaser to keep off.







STANLEY'S STOCKING—WILL HE GET "THE BIRD"? By David Wilson

Incredible but True

Mussolini is continually reminding us that he is a really great man. His latest triumph is to devise a tax which shall be gladly paid and yet result in large additions to the coffers of his country. The thing sounds incredible, I know, but it is true, and I shall not be surprised if our own Chancellor of the Exchequer goes and does likewise, for a popular tax is the thing of which he is dreaming. The Betting Tax is unpopular; taxes on foods and drinks are detested by everybody—but a tax on bachelors! No one minds paying that!

"Made in England"

The Jews do not believe in allowing clever members of their race to remain unhonoured and unsung. The other Sunday evening a young Manchester Jew named Noah Elstein stood upon the stage of the London Pavilion and received the plaudits of a crowded house as the curtain was falling upon his play, *Israel in the Kitchen*. The critics have dealt with the performance, and I am principally concerned with the fact that had there been no Jewish Drama League in London, Mr. Elstein might have had to look to America for his laurels. "Made in England" is no recommendation where English managers are concerned.

Nothing but the Truth

During the Northcliffe Will Case the general public and certain members of the Bar heard, for the first time, some piquant stories of that great man. The truth about Lord Northcliffe was always stranger than fiction, and it was not surprising that some of the witnesses had great difficulty in convincing the Court that they were not romancing. Some of the leading counsel were frankly incredulous: "Do you suggest that Lord Northcliffe ——?" "Can you conceive a more foolish course for a man in Lord Northcliffe's position ——?" "I submit that your suggestion is very derogatory to the memory of Lord Northcliffe," and so on! How Lord Northcliffe himself would have revelled in the situation.

Those Silver Spoons

Without wishing to compete with the author of *The Whispering Gallery*, there is a story of Lord Northcliffe that may be new. A member of his staff went to his house for the first time. Calling in his butler, he said: "This is Mr. ——. I think you'd better lock up the silver." Not being accustomed to his lordship's little ways, the visitor was a little disturbed, but by the end of the evening the incident was forgotten. Until, putting his hand into his overcoat pocket, he discovered half-a-dozen of his employer's best silver spoons. Fancy having to tell *that* story in a court of law!

Overdoing It

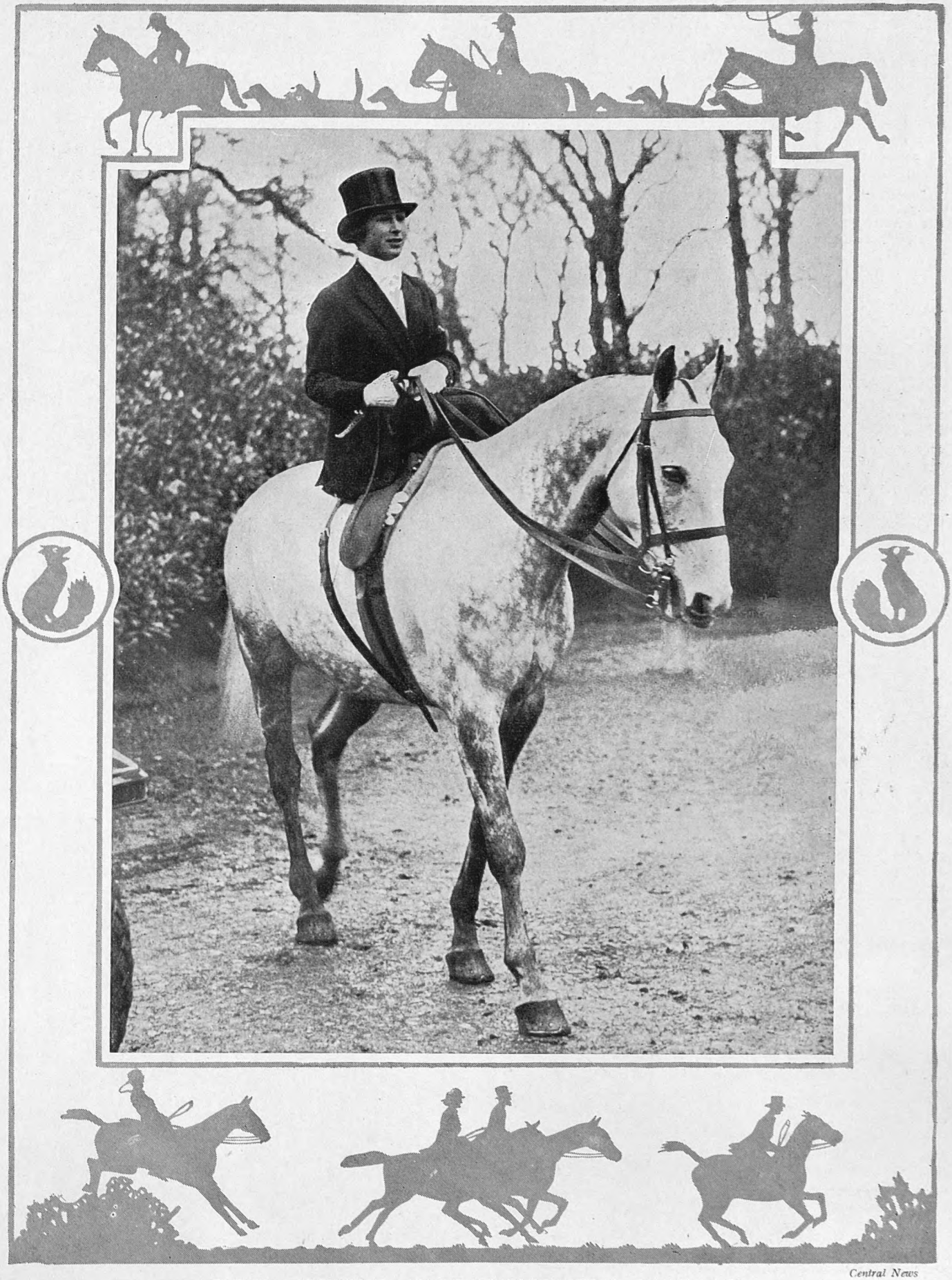
The bad boy of Willesden has just given new life to a couple of almost exploded theories. Nowadays, boys are rather encouraged to change their jobs until they feel themselves suited, and the present Edgar Wallace boom proves that the best among us read thrillers. But the bad boy of Willesden rather overdid it, for during one year he had held more than forty different situations and, in almost every case, he robbed his employers on his first day. His library, by the way, consisted of books dealing with Deadwood Dick, Jack Sheppard, and lots of other splendid fellows, but, as the magistrate remarked, this kind of literature is apt to be intoxicating—when taken in excess.

An Uncomplimentary Couplet

At last someone has come forward to say a good word for the Albert Memorial, and I am glad of it, because I feel sure it couldn't possibly be quite so black as it has been painted. "I infinitely prefer the Albert Memorial to what passes for architecture in this present year of grace." That is a very new light on an old problem, the last reference I happened to read being this very uncomplimentary couplet:—

> That giddy, gilded wedding cake!
> That—hold me down, for goodness' sake!

Royalty in the Hunting Field



Central News

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES

Photographed at a recent meet of the Bramham Moor Hunt, of which Lord Lascelles is Master, although his public engagements have prevented him from taking a very active part this season. Her Royal Highness shares all her brothers' love of hunting, and rides a very straight line to hounds

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Christmas at Sandringham

THE King and Queen will not have an unusually large party for Christmas this year, although there are now none of the restrictions in accommodation which confined the Christmas gatherings at York Cottage to the members of the family.

Prince George arrived last week after his service of eighteen months on the China station, but whether Prince Henry will have sufficiently recovered from the effects of his operation for tonsilitis to brave the English damp and cold after his convalescence at the Duke of Connaught's villa at Cap Ferrat remains to be seen. As usual, there will be great Christmas doings at Sandringham.

Central News

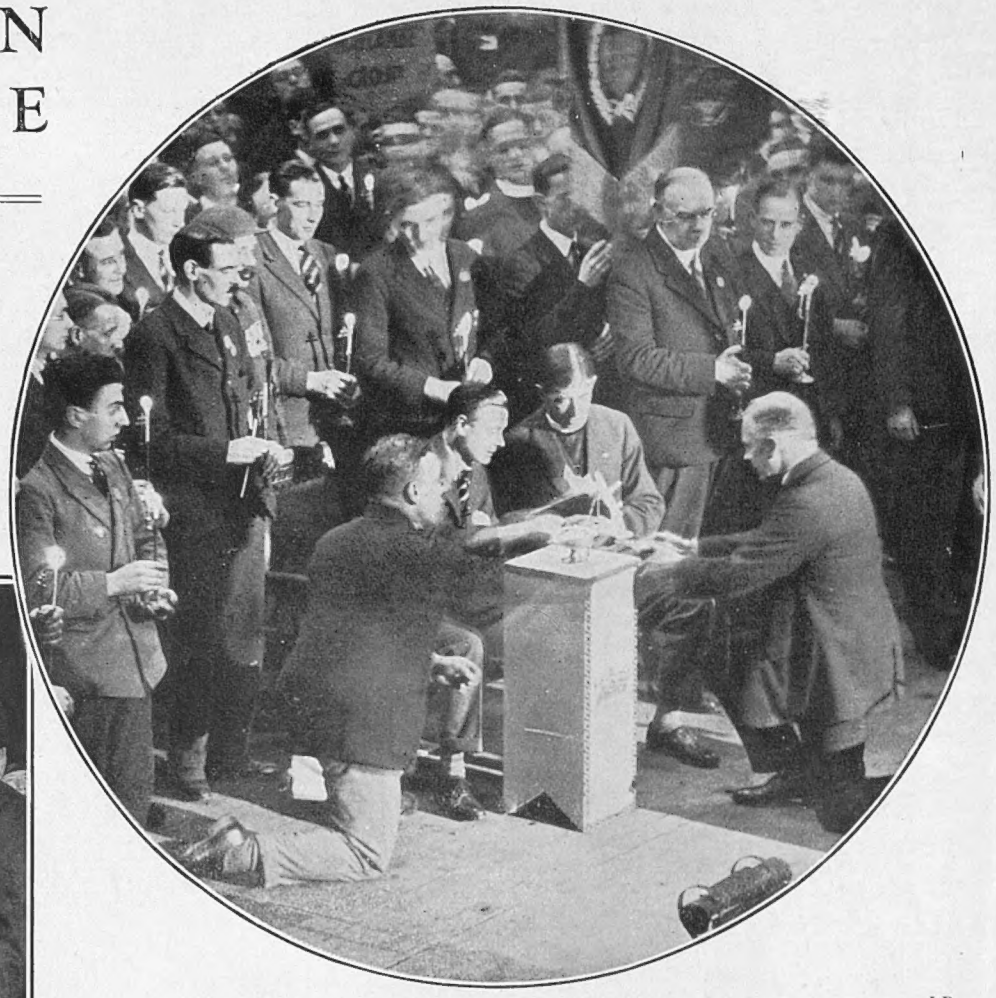
WELCOME HOME

Prince George photographed on his arrival in London last week from the Far East after nearly two years' absence. With him are Vice-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey and Rear-Admiral John Cameron

Prince Blücher

WITH the outbreak of the War, Prince Blücher automatically ceased to be a member of the Wellington Club, to which he had belonged for twenty years. He has now been re-elected. Although German by nationality—he is descended from the Marshal Blücher who came to Wellington's assistance at the Battle of Waterloo—Prince Blücher was educated in England; he married an Englishwoman, Miss Stapleton-Bretherton, and until the War had spent the greater part of his life in this country. I expect you remember "An English Wife in Berlin," Princess Blücher's diary during the War.

Prince Blücher's father had no admiration for the ex-Kaiser, and long before the War shook the dust of Germany off his feet because of his opinion of that monarch. He bought the island of Herm in the Channel Islands, and there he lived with his large family, a small fleet of boats keeping up communications with the mainland. Here, too, the Prince indulged in a



I.B.

"THE LAMP OF MAINTENANCE"

The Prince of Wales photographed in the act of lighting the Lamp for the Transvaal Province, South Africa. This was at the recent Toc H celebrations at Manchester

P. and A.

A DRAKE MEMORIAL

A photograph taken at the unveiling of a tablet to Drake, at his birthplace at Crowndale, Tavistock, Devon. The group includes: Vice-Admiral Sir Rudolf Bentinck, Lady Bentinck, Lady Radford, Commander Marks and Miss Radford

most unusual hobby. He bred kangaroos, with what object I do not know. But there the kangaroos were. Neither do I know what became of the kangaroos when the British Government, although the late Prince's anti-Wilhelm opinions were well known, thought it inadvisable that a German subject should continue to live on one of the Channel Islands. Herm was, therefore, commandeered, and the Prince went to Germany, where he died. Herm afterwards was bought by Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the novelist.

The Polo Ashes

At last there is a chance of our retrieving the polo laurels which have remained so long with the Americans. For some time past there has been a project of sending a British team to America next year. Now, thanks to the Maharajah of Jodhpur, this project is to materialise. The Maharajah has not only given 10,000 rupees to the fund, but he is also allowing twenty ponies to be chosen from his own stables. The team will be selected from the Army in India.

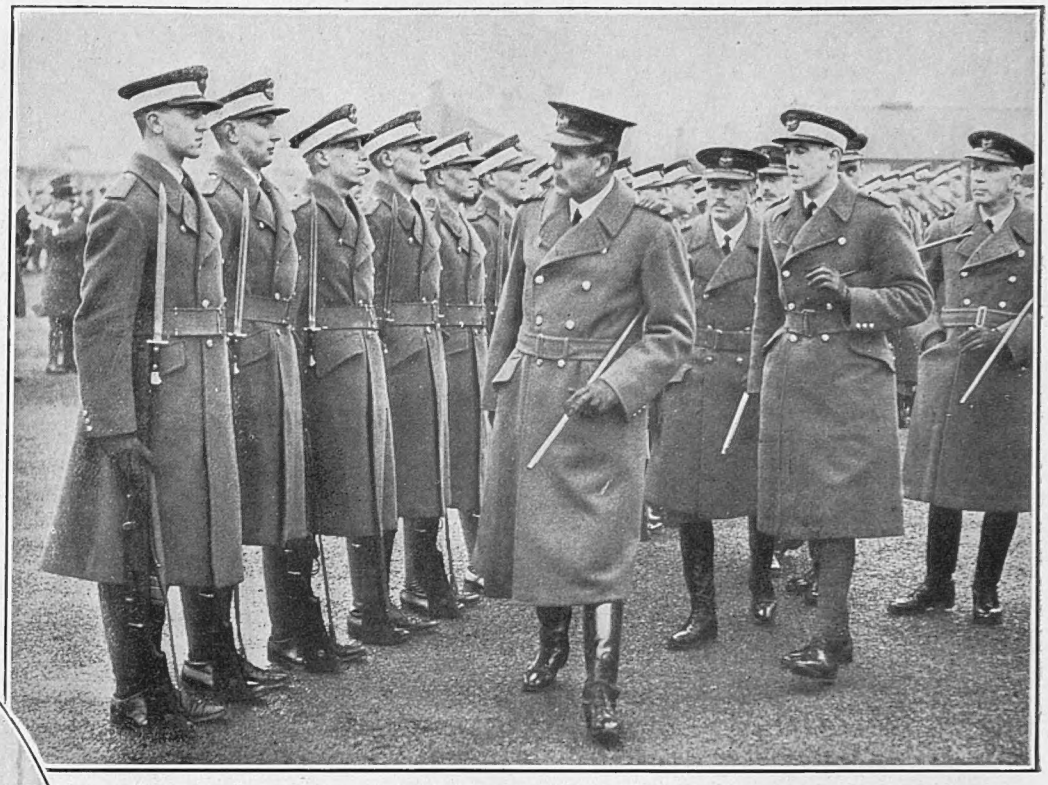
I.B.

IN KENT

Lady Irene Cubitt photographed at a recent meet of the Eridge. This took place at Tunbridge Wells

One reason why the Americans have beaten us at polo, both here and in the States, is that they have better ponies, and another reason is that their teams have more opportunity for practising together. The Maharajah's generosity will enable the team, which will go to America next July, to meet these two all-important essentials.

The Maharajah of Jodhpur, it will be remembered, brought his own polo team over last year, and played throughout the season at Ranelagh and Hurlingham.



Photopress

A "PASSING OUT" OCCASION

Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard photographed at his inspection of the flight cadets of the Royal Air Force, at Cranwell. This was prior to their "passing out" from the Cadet College

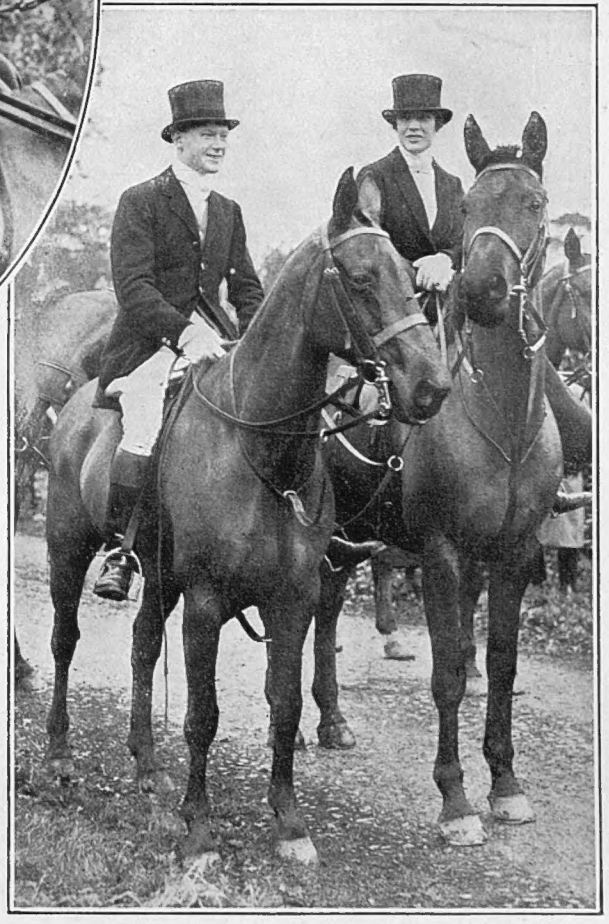
Sunderland House

Sunderland House, in Curzon Street, the most recently built of the big London houses, which nowadays so few people can afford to keep up, is being offered for sale by its owner, Madame Balsan, formerly Duchess of Marlborough. It was a wedding gift from her father, the late Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt.

The story ran at the time that Mr. Vanderbilt was anxious to buy Marlborough House because of its name and its connection with the great soldier Duke of Marlborough and his extremely managing wife, Sarah Jennings, and on being informed that the residence of the then Prince of Wales was beyond the aspirations of even a multi-millionaire, determined to build a suitable dwelling for his Duchess-daughter.

An island site in Curzon Street, immediately opposite Crewe House, was chosen. On part of it stood the old proprietary chapel, sometimes called Curzon Chapel, sometimes Mayfair Chapel, whose incumbents had practically been their own masters. This and some other houses were pulled down, and there arose a mansion, rather sombre outside, very gorgeous and French within, which was called Sunderland House, after the Duke of Marlborough's Earldom of Sunderland. It was supposed to have cost from first to last something like a quarter of a million.

In these days it is scarcely likely that anybody will buy it for a private residence, so it will probably become a club, unless some enterprising person converts it into an hotel. To stay even as a hotel guest in a former ducal mansion would certainly appeal to Americans.



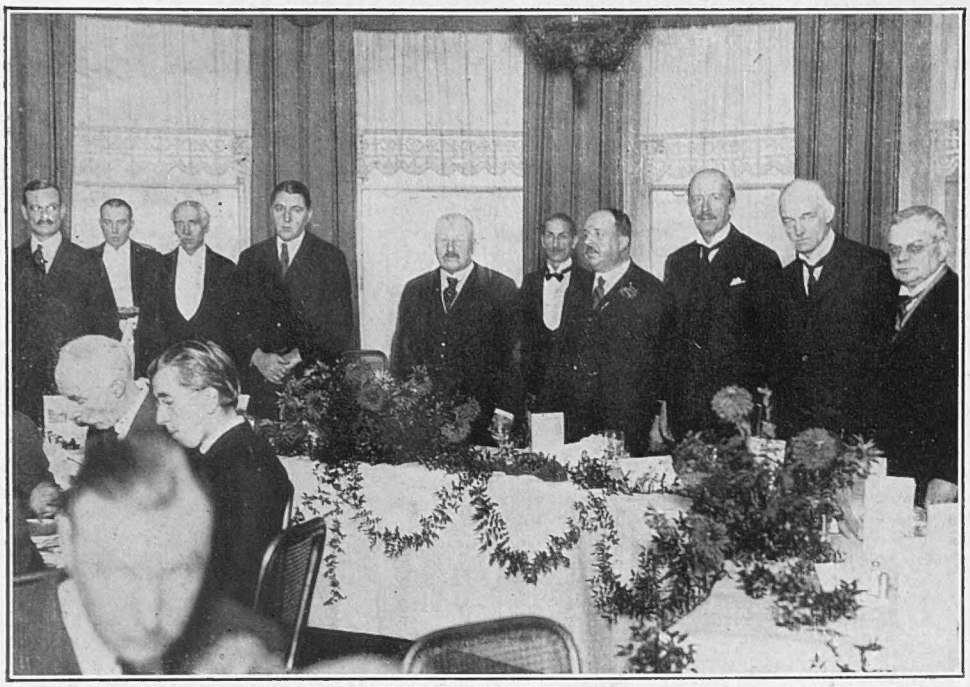
Central News

A NORTHERN MEET

Lord and Lady Allerton photographed at a recent meet of the Bramham Moor. This took place at Farnley Park, Otley, Yorkshire

A Fortune from Law

When the first Earl of Eldon died eighty-eight years ago he left a fortune of under £700,000. His great-grand-



AN INAUGURAL LUNCHEON *I.B.*

A photograph taken at the luncheon held by the Institute of Journalists at the Langham Hotel to inaugurate the Oak Hill Home of Rest for Journalists. The group includes Lord Birkenhead, Lord Burnham, Mr. W. W. Rivers, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, Lord Riddell and Sir Robert Bruce

son, the late Earl, who died suddenly in the street last August, has left close upon £1,000,000, which goes to show that he himself and his father, whom he succeeded in the earldom, were good and faithful stewards of the fortune they inherited. The late Lord Eldon himself was only nine when he succeeded his father, and a twelve years' minority makes a big difference, and the larger the fortune the bigger the difference. In fact, there used to be a proverb about an impoverished estate, "Nothing will save it except a rich marriage or a long minority."

The first Lord Eldon's fortune came entirely from the Law. He was the son of a Newcastle coal merchant. Having a leaning towards the Church he went to Oxford with the intention of taking Orders. But Love decreed otherwise. Wonderfully handsome—you have only to see Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of him at Windsor Castle to realise that—he instantly won the heart of Miss Elizabeth Aubone, the daughter of a Newcastle banker. Her parents did not approve of her choice, so one dark night the lady descended a ladder placed against her bedroom window by her handsome lover—John Scott he was then—who awaited her at the bottom. Then hey and away, over the Border into Scotland, where they were married.

John Scott was then twenty-one. Before he was thirty he had made a big reputation as a brilliant barrister. Then, after being successively Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and Lord Chief Justice, he became Lord Chancellor, and with a break of one year only he held that office for twenty-five years.

He was one of George III's most loyal servants, so loyal that he and the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, were not on speaking terms. In 1806, at the end of his first term of office, when Lord Eldon went to the King to resign the Chancellor's seals, George III said, pointing to them: "Lay them down on the sofa, for I cannot and will not take them from you."

A year later Eldon was back on the Woolsack, and there he remained for twenty years.

Central News

A HAMPSHIRE SHOOT

A photograph of the shooting party held by Lady Curzon of Kedleston at Hackwood Park, near Basingstoke. Sir Mathew Wilson (left), Lady Curzon, Lord Cochrane, Miss Marcella Duggan and Col. Ashton

IN NORTH DEVON *Topical*

A photograph at Mr. R. S. Templer's shoot at Ash, near Braunton, North Devon. The group includes (standing): Mr. Reed, Mr. Symons, Colonel Templer, Brig.-Gen. Boyle, Major Stafford-Brown, Mr. R. E. Roller, Mr. W. Dunn (sitting), Mr. Charles Bell, Mr. R. S. Templer, Mr. Basil Peto, Mrs. Templer, Mr. W. P. Martin, Miss W. Templer, Miss J. Templer

Being Careful

THE big fortune he left when he died at the age of eighty-seven came entirely from his fees as a barrister and the salaries attached to the Law appointments he held. Literally, it was a fortune of savings. He himself was of a careful nature, but his wife was even more careful. She never forgot the struggles of the first years of their marriage. The result was that their grandson inherited the £700,000 they had saved. And now the State will take a goodly slice of the £1,000,000 to which it has grown.

A Quartette of Brides-to-be

Bassano

MISS JANE CLARKE

The younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Arundell Clarke, whose engagement to Sir Stewart Stewart-Clark, eldest son of the late Sir Stewart Stewart-Clark, has been announced. She is a niece of Lady Charles Kennedy

Hay Wrightson

MISS SOPHIE ANDREAE

Whose marriage to Mr. Terence Allen Shone, of the Foreign Office, the only son of Lieut.-General Sir William Shone, will take place next June. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Andreae, of Upper Grosvenor Street

Bassano

LADY MARY DIANA DUNCOMBE

The only daughter of the late Earl of Feversham and Lady Marjorie Beckett. She is to marry Mr. Greville Worthington, eldest son of Mr. Worthington and Lady Muriel Worthington

F. A. Swaine

MISS CHARLOTTE STRUTT

Who is to marry Mr. James B. Dance, second son of Sir George and Lady Dance, of Regent's Park. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Strutt, of Belper

The Modern Girl and the Future

MR. ERNEST THESIGER has come to the support of the modern young woman and from a wholly unexpected standpoint. Speaking at the annual general meeting of the Guild of Aid for Gentlepeople, he said that the modern girl, the "much-abused girl," would not be likely ever to need the help of such a society. Her efficiency, her better education, and, above all, her independent outlook on life, would enable her to make her own way, and so prevent her "from encountering the poverty which surrounds those many unfortunate gentlewomen who have survived from a past generation to this, and who in many instances, through lack of training and good education in their early days, would find themselves practically penniless and friendless" but for the aid of some charitable society.

Your Bystander agrees with Mr. Thesiger. One cannot imagine the capable young woman of to-day falling a victim to family misfortunes.

A Claim to a Barony

SIX claims to dormant peerages now await the attention of the Committee for Privileges in the House of Lords, the body which decides these questions. The sixth has just been lodged by Mr. William Huddleston, who has Clytha Park in Monmouthshire and Sawston Hall in Cambridgeshire. He claims to be co-heir to the barony of Montagu, which became extinct in 1845 on the death of the last baron who left four daughters.

News Illus.

LORD HINDLIP and MISS BRACE

Sawston Hall came to the Huddlestons in the time of Edward IV, when Sir William Huddleston married a niece of the Earl of Warwick, the "King Maker," the manor then being a part of the vast Neville estates.

The barony claimed by Mr. Huddleston was held by the last Duke of Montagu, at whose death his property passed to the Dukes of Buccleuch through marriage with his heiress. The barony, however, passed to that heiress's son, Lord Henry Scott-Montagu, who became Lord Montagu. He died in 1845, leaving four daughters, and the barony became extinct.

News Illus.

MR. and MRS. GEOFFREY MAYHEW

A TREBLE FROM DERBY

Some of the racegoers who turned out to witness the recent steeplechases

Concerning Titles in Abeyance

THESE perpetually recurring claims have led to the appointment of a Select Committee on Peerages in Abeyance, its members being the Marquess of Bath, the Earl of Kintore, Lord Stanley of Alderley, Lord Hylton, Lord Redesdale, Lord Sumner, Lord Muir Mackenzie, and Lord Askwith. This Committee has just made a report which is extremely interesting. It speaks of a suggestion of which most people have never heard. It says: "It has been suggested that what is called a 'traffic' exists, or may exist, in the promotion of speculative claims to peerages in abeyance," adding "That such a suspicion exists we are inclined to believe, but with what foundation in fact it is impossible to say."

After referring to the changes which take place amongst co-heirs to peerages in abeyance, the Committee says: "If industrious and watchful genealogists take note and advantage of such occasions, the matter is neither one for surprise nor censure."

On the other hand, the Committee see possibilities "that the credit of the peerage is likely to suffer." They therefore recommend that no abeyance should be terminated which began more than a hundred years before the presentation of the petition, and that the character, position, service and fitness of the petitioner should be taken into consideration exactly as they are when there is a question of conferring a new peerage.

If these recommendations are carried out, the claims, it is said, to fifty-one baronies now in abeyance would not be considered because of the century limit. The committee points out, also, that "there are many scores of possible baronies of great antiquity not accounted for." So, it does seem that something had to be done. The "industrious and watchful genealogists" might have caused the House of Lords to be filled to overflowing.

In Belgravia

IF you want to spend a joyous half-hour let me advise you to go to the Byron Antique Galleries in Motcomb Street. In a room in the basement of that attractive shop is an exhibition of many of Mr. Studdy's original drawings in colour of the immortal "Bonzo," who of late has nearly disappeared from our illustrated papers because his creator's time is wholly occupied with connoisseurs from America, where Bonzo is just as popular as he is here.

It would be a rash man who ventured to define the breed of Bonzo, but surely no dog has ever raised such laughter on two continents. Weekly he was a delight, but to see him hanging, in the aggregate as it were, on four walls, is something better.

British Illus.

SIR HAROLD and LADY NUTTING

For one thing you realise the infinite variety of his humour and Mr. Studdy's unfailing resource. It would be a tragedy if Bonzo ever really grew up.

"The Bag"

I SEE that a Socialist Deputy in the French Chamber has been holding forth on the "misuse" of the diplomatic courier between Paris and the French High Commissariat in the Rhineland. M. Poincaré, in replying to the charge, said he had only known of one occasion when the courier had been used in an illegal manner, and "that was when the body of a dead dog was found in a diplomatic valise." Enquiry, M. Poincaré said, elicited the fact that the dead dog had been sent by a high official in the Rhineland to his wife in France, because she was devoted to the animal. "I lacked the courage," he concluded, "to condemn the act." And the Chamber entirely agreed with him.

I suppose it is a moot point whether it is right or wrong to use "the bag" if you have the opportunity. For my own part I have used it whenever I have had the chance, and I've never known anybody who refused. But I should not have the courage to ask one of our Chancellories to be the consignors, or a King's Messenger to be the bearer, of the dead body of a dog.

Things are all so altered since the War that perhaps the privilege no longer exists. But before then, if you were known at the British Embassy in a foreign capital, you could always send letters by "the bag" to England, "the bag" being the various leather cases in which the King's Messenger took the despatches from the Embassy to the Foreign Office. The Embassy staff and their wives invariably used "the bag," as there was always the risk of their letters being opened by the Post Office people in some of the foreign capitals.

It is a matter of unrecorded history, but during one of King Edward's visits to Hamburg as Prince of Wales and his subsequent journey through Germany to Austria, every letter he wrote was opened and copied by the German postal authorities by the order of Prince Bismarck. I mention this as an indication of what could happen in foreign postal services.

Just the Point of View

IT goes without saying that anything sent by "the bag" is as private and secret

L.N.A.

LADY BLANDFORD and COLONEL WILSON

L.N.A.

MISS JONES (left), MRS. HOPE-JOHNSTONE and MRS. FURLONG

OUT WITH THE QUORN

Two photographs taken at the recent meet which was held at Ingarsby Hall

Alfieri

MRS. ARTHUR CORNWALLIS and THE HON. MRS. DOUGLAS PENNANT

British Illus.

MISS M. AYLWEN and MISS P. AYLWEN

RACING AT LINGFIELD

And some of those who watched their fancies "over the sticks"

as the Ambassadorial despatches themselves so far as the bearer is concerned. Acting upon this English rule the wife of one of our diplomatists in a Balkan capital, hearing that a friend of her husband's, a man of position in that country's Foreign Office, was taking "the bag" to their Legation in Paris, asked him to take some letters to friends of hers in the French capital.

Within a little while of his departure she became conscious of a change towards her in society, an avoidance, a veiled hostility. At one Court function scarcely anybody spoke to her.

She was utterly puzzled by the change until an irate dame told her the reason. The young man from that Balkan Foreign Office had opened and read the letters she had entrusted to him. Her descriptions of certain people in society of that capital and at the Court had been more truthful than discreet. He had sent those descriptions to the people concerned, who, naturally, were not either pleased or appreciative.

But the odd thing about the matter was that, whatever may be said of a diplomatist's wife writing indiscreet letters about people, neither the official of that Foreign Office, nor the society of that capital, could see that he had done anything dishonourable in opening and reading letters entrusted to his care and addressed to other people. "East is East and West is West." That Balkan capital is certainly much nearer to the East than it is to the West, and that probably accounts for the point of view concerning other people's letters.

Topical

THE END OF THE RUN

Ossie Oswaldi, the Continental film star, comes to grief whilst learning to ski at Arosa. She is accompanied by Hans Roelli, the inventor of the Roelli Swing

Marcus Adam

THE NAUTICAL TOUCH

The Hon. Robert Gascoyne-Cecil, the eldest son of Lord Cranborne, in naval rig-out. He is the grandson of the Marquess of Salisbury

Central Press

HOOP-LA!

Miss Hilda Ruckart and Mr. Nicholson giving an exhibition of fancy and trick skating on the Grand Hotel Rink, St. Moritz. The winter sports season at St. Moritz is now beginning to "get under way"

When Summer Reigned

Miss Compton Collier

The Countess of Bradford with three of her children, Lady Diana Bridgeman, Viscount Newport and Lady Anne Pamela Bridgeman. The photograph was taken in the grounds of Weston Park, Shifnal

The Riviera Week by Week

Sketches by NICK

MANY grotesque and ridiculous rumours of possible troubles on the Franco-Italian frontier have been circulating recently, partly founded, I suppose, on the fact that soldiers back from Morocco and new recruits have been stationed in the various forts on the Riviera, which have been empty since 1914. There have been local disturbances between over-excited Fascisti and anti-Fascisti, who are both numerous among the enormous Italian population in the Alpes Maritimes, and as a precautionary measure the police force, which has long been far below the proper strength for a growing district like this, has been considerably strengthened. Visitors, therefore, need not have the least apprehension, but rather the contrary, for they have never been so well protected.

PRINCE HENRY is one of the countless visitors who was not scared by the silly stories, for he is staying at Cap Ferrat with his great-uncle, the Duke of Connaught, and anything more peaceful and more beautiful than the extensive view from his rooms at Les Bruyères, looking across towards Monte Carlo and the Italian coast, would be difficult to imagine.

THE Duke of Connaught has been the victim of a feverish cold, and was obliged to keep to his room for some days. The weather ever since the Royal visitor's arrival has been ideal each day, and last Friday Prince Henry, already looking much better after his very unpleasant operation, motored up to Mont Agel for a short round of golf. It was his first visit, and he was enchanted with the marvellous panorama which unfolded itself at his feet. His Royal Highness paid a visit to the Country Club at Mougins, accompanied by Major Berkeley Levett and Captain Howard Kerr, and played a round of golf before luncheon, and another in the afternoon. He is not up to any more strenuous exercise yet, however, and will not think of any polo at Mandelieu this time. He will be home again for Christmas to meet his sailor brother back from the Far East.

Rey

AT CANNES

Sir Richard and Lady Waldie-Griffith photographed at Cannes. They are staying at the Majestic Hotel until they move into their new villa

Rey

A HONEYMOON ON THE RIVIERA

Lord and Lady Inverclyde photographed in the brilliant sunshine at Cannes, where they have been spending their honeymoon

THE Duke and Duchess of Brabant have enjoyed their honeymoon on the Riviera in great peace and seclusion, and have been very clever about it. So much publicity was given to the fact that they were expected at the Château St. Michel at Cannes, the home of the Duke and Duchess of Vendôme, that they decided they would be too well-known there. They accordingly went on to Menton, where they engaged rooms at the Hotel Cecil, staying under a name which effectively concealed their true identity. Incidentally, I strongly suspect they broke at least one rule regarding the hotel registration of guests! Few people recognised them, and they had endless quiet excursions along the coast in perfect tranquillity, free from the attention of Press photographers. They have now gone back to Brussels delighted with the French Riviera and with their success in thus escaping the public eye.

IN addition to Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, who are expected at Cannes, and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George, who are on their way round, via Tilbury and Marseilles, to the Golf Hotel at Valescure, there will be many other prominent personalities in the political world in the district. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, who has for years been a regular visitor, generally at Monte Carlo, is coming south again for a much-needed rest cure with Lady Joynson-Hicks. Mr. Coates, Prime Minister of New Zealand, is also coming for a holiday after the Empire Conference, and the Maharajah of Burdwan spent ten days in Nice before sailing from Marseilles for home.

NICE, by the way, has always been a favourite resort of Oriental potentates, and one is aways liable to run into a group of Indian princes or princesses, desert sheiks in gorgeous flowing robes, or Turkish notabilities strolling along the Promenade des Anglais in the morning sun, or shop-gazing in the Avenue de Verdun. The Maharajah and Maharanee of Vizianagram and an extensive retinue are among the latest arrivals, having come on the *Mongolia* from the East to Marseilles and thence to Nice.

(*Continued on page 896*)

"Revelry by Night"

BY MACMICHAEL

"London Nights" are not complete without a visit to "Playtime at the Piccadilly." The stars of all courses twinkle with an unparalleled vigour in this cheery show

THE Opera House here is still closed owing to a prolonged strike of musicians—a most unusual event in this part of the world, where strikes are looked on as somewhat futile by the very industrious population. However, there is no lack of amusement in the town, and as a matter of fact perhaps it may prove to the entertainment caterers of the Côte d'Azur that opera is not the favourite amusement of the Anglo-American visitors. Gala dinners and *thés dansants* take place daily, and are well attended by a crowd which comprises many Americans. Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Rogers are recent arrivals at the Alhambra Palace, Sir Harry Perry Robinson has now moved to the Grand at Cimiez, and Princess Bariatinsky, author of "My Russian Life," and Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt are others who are staying in the neighbourhood.

VISCOUNT and Viscountess Dunedin are at the Majestic at Cannes, and are taking up golf at Mandelieu, where they spent many pleasant hours last winter when residing at the Château des Favères. I noted Sir Francis and Lady Elliot dining there the other night with Sir Herbert and Lady Dering, and doubtless these two experienced diplomats, who have been together in the chancelleries of Europe and elsewhere, would have many old reminiscences to talk over.

THE rendezvous for the week will be the Carlton Tennis Club, for all the leading professional players are now on the spot, and the competition for the Bristol Cup and the Championship of Europe will be an exceptionally keen one this year. It is the first tennis event of the season, the next being the La Festa tournament at Monte Carlo, which begins on the 18th. As that will be preceded by the opening of the International Sporting Club Monte Carlo will look lively. Not that it ever looks particularly dull, of course. Baroness Orczy will give a dance on the first night of the tennis tournament, and as she is an ideal hostess and her husband is the most cheery of hosts it will certainly be an enjoyable affair.

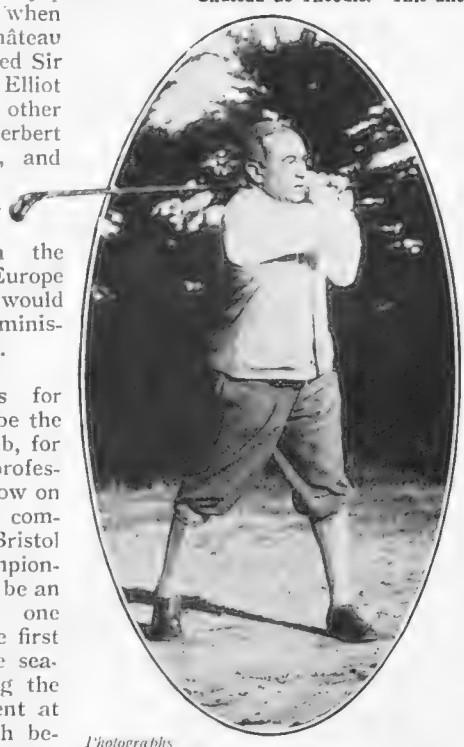
LORD and Lady Inverclyde have left Cannes to spend Christmas in the cooler climate of Scotland, but are returning later on with their fine yacht, the *Beryl*. Earl and Countess Jellicoe are coming out to Valescure soon after Christmas, and guests already there include Sir John Marshall and Miss Marshall, Colonel and Mrs. Osborne-Smith, Lieut.-Colonel W. Gibson, and Major and Mrs. Engledue at the Golf Hotel. Elizabeth Marchioness of Ormonde has arrived at the Villa Sibell, at Menton-Garavan; Mrs. Brinton has taken the Villa Bellochio, near by, from Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, for the winter, and Sir Stephenson and Lady Kent will have General Sir John du Cane's villa, Casa Paraisa, in the same district. That wonderful veteran of the Bar, Sir Edward Clarke, eighty-five years of age, but still young and full of energy, has taken a suite at the Hotel Bellevue at Menton with Lady Clarke for the season, and no more popular figure in the local colony exists.

A SHOW PLACE OF THE RIVIERA *[Marc Le Noir*

The magnificent stairway, bordered with cypress trees, at the Château de Théoule. This alley is unique on the Côte d'Azur.

IT is regrettable to have to admit that there are still hotels along the coast where exorbitant prices are being asked, irrespective of the fall in the value of the pound as against the franc, and complaints have not unnaturally been heard. These hotels will, of course, have to learn their lesson, which is that, while visitors do not mind paying well for first-class accommodation, and perhaps a little more for the mild winter climate and the facilities for outdoor sports, there are limits. Meanwhile, the sun continues to shine brilliantly, sea bathing is still being freely indulged in, December or no December, and tennis, golf and polo are uninterrupted by fogs or snowstorms or anything else. The only complaints I have heard lately against the weather emanated from the committee of the sailing regatta at Cannes this past week, and they were very upset because the sea was as calm as a millpond and the yachts were giving a slow-motion cinema effect. No English winter regatta would stand much chance of that sort of trouble.

DOUGLAS THORBURN.



Photographs

THE MORNING DRIVE

Mr. Louis M. Teichman engaged in the daily round on the Mandelieu golf course. He is well known in London and New York

Topical

PUTTING OVER A HOT ONE

Miss Crocker, who favours the modern idea in lawn tennis kit, going in for a little strenuous work on the courts. She is staying at Cannes

The DREAMER.

I SPOKE to nine-tenths of the class :
The tenth was away in the sky ;
He feasted his gaze on the sweep of the grass,
The wheel of the wings going by.

I might have been dead for an age,
The schoolroom a heap of old scrap ;
His book lay aslant, at a previous page ;
He never looked up at the map.

And which would you choose after all :
The hills, in the sun and the rain?
Or labelled affairs, hanging up on a wall,
With crusty old men to explain?

I wonder what pictures he drew,
What foemen he put to defeat,
What palace of plenty he built in the blue,
And how much he managed to eat?

He woke to my stoniest stare ;
He met the cold earth and its ills ;
But often I think of him pondering there,
The boy looking over the hills.

PREP. SCHOOL FOOTBALL

THE bouncing ball
Makes mock of all
Our furious endeavour.
It spins about
While people shout
Advice correct and clever.

We've no control
In front of goal
To shoot or centre neatly.
The other side
Kick just as wide
Or miss the ball completely.

We're told each day
The proper way
To dribble, pass, or clear it.
When we pursue,
It goes askew,
And then we're nowhere near it.

We charge afresh
To bruise our flesh ;
Ambition keeps us moving.
We play the same
Old muddled game :
They tell us we're improving.

By cruel hacks
And aching backs
We build a mint of muscle.
The bouncing ball
Makes mock of all,
And onward goes the tussle.

VERSES BY G. D. MARTINEAU

SKETCHES BY CUNINGHAM

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

A DENTIST declares that blondes are less susceptible to pain than brunettes. Now we know what dental men prefer.

. . . . . .

WHAT does Father Christmas mean to you? asks a contemporary. We suggest that he is a Claus in the family agreement.

. . . . . .

"WHAT do you think of the way Hilda dances?"

"I could be arrested for what I think of it."

. . . . . .

A WOMAN'S journal wants to know when the modern girl will be suitably celebrated in verse. She certainly would not have been Mrs. "He"—man's ideal.

BY STAN TERRY

ABSORBING INTEREST

PROSPECTIVE FATHER-IN-LAW: "I notice you smoke a lot, Mr. Smith, do you drink as well?"
PROSPECTIVE SON-IN-LAW: "Great Scott, yes. Rather better, in fact!"

BY W. LINDSAY CAELE

THE PARTING GUESSED

LONDONER: "Say, Sandy, can you direct me to the nearest inn?"
SCOT: "Hoo did ye ken ma name was Sandy?"
LONDONER: "Oh, I guessed it."
SCOT: "Ah well, ye can guess the way to the inn, then!"

NO EAR FOR MUSIC

(For assaulting a carol-singer at midnight a Londoner has been fined.)

Clad in his scanty, night-attire apparel,
Minus his slippers and with hair awry,
He biffed the bloke who blithely strove to carol
Precisely in the eye.

He cared not for the tunes so sweet, so olden,
Tunes that should tame a man however grim;
Even the calm "Jerusalem the Golden"
Infuriated him.

In vain the songster sang about those shepherds
Whose job it was to watch by night their flocks;
He might as well have serenaded leopards,
Or anyone intox.

He heard the midnight strain, and was appalled, it
Bade him awake and greet "the happy morn";
Instead, he wished to make the man who bawled it
Wish that he'd ne'er been born.

Whether he was some smug and self-important
Merchant I know not; but without a doubt
His sentence should convince him that he oughtn't
To throw his "Wait" about!

(Continued on page 900)

Too Well Met!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Our artist illustrates the only way out of an unfortunate predicament which may take place any old day on the snow-covered slopes of St. Moritz

By A. D. Phoenix

FACE VALUE

"Do you think you could care for a man like me?"
"Oh, I dare say . . . if he weren't too much like you!"

"What is Britain's greatest mistake?" asks a publicist. Diffidently we suggest that it is not sticking to peace-work.

. . . . .

A contributor wants to know why there are so many Communists in our midst. Probably because there is so much roar material about.

. . . . .

"Can I do anything to soothe your dying moments, Bill?"

"Yus, 'ave a drink when you take the hearse past the 'Coach and Horses.' I know you'll 'ave one there coming back, but I shan't be wiv yer then."

. . . . .

A fashion journal says that crinolines may come in again. That suggests a variant on the well-known line: "When lovely woman hooped in folly—— "

. . . . .

The cost of living, writes a pessimist, will only come down in Fairyland. Only then shall we get fair-retail prices.

"My dear," she remarked to her friend after seeing a certain male-impersonator, "they tell me he's a cocoa-addict."

By Austin Molloy

A WEARING EXISTENCE

Jones (reading letter from wealthy aunt): "I am sending you some things which I knitted for you for Christmas. I shall be coming to town next week and hope you will meet me at the station. Wear the presents which I am sending you so that I shall be sure to see you in the crowd"

. . . . .

"What you want," remarked the hungry one as he attacked his rissole, "is confidence."

. . . . .

"Auntie isn't very well just now," said Tommy.

"What's wrong," asked his small pal.

"Mother says she's got mistleptomania."

. . . . .

Taxi-men are generally discourteous, writes a contributor. We should, however, hesitate to stigmatise them as the rank and vile.

. . . . .

"Mummy, the policeman ought to arrest those carol singer."

"Why, dear?"

"Because daddy says they've just murdered good King Wences' Lass."

. . . .

Answer to Correspondent:—No; the *Côte d'Azur* has no relation to the Blue Coat School.

"Lord, What Fools these Mortals be!"

Stage Photo Co.

THE DREAM

Master Brian Glennie, who is playing Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which Miss Italia Conti presented at the Winter Garden this week. He is seen finding "a pleasure in the pathless woods"

"Queen High" AT THE QUEEN'S

Produced November 2, 1926

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THIS bright and jolly musical comedy opens in the showroom of the Eureka Novelty Company, who deal in—garters. (I did not know these fanciful articles were such a novelty as that.) Being a highly modern firm, the company naturally keep a number of nicely limbed mannequins in stock to show how garters look when encircling a dainty knee, thus providing a powerful inducement to ladies of all sizes and shapes to buy the goods without considering that the shapes of stockings, when filled to capacity, are not invariably similar in attractiveness. (This is a gentle but inexorable truth that recent fashion has enabled competent observers to learn for themselves.) The mannequins, it should be said, have other duties besides the exhibition of a superior curve of calf. They develop into a bright and well-trained chorus which has a kick in it. And a high kick at that. The male members of the chorus are classified as "Assistants" in the company's business. As the garters are apparently designed for feminine use only, the duties of the young men would seem, as we used to read in the War, to be marked by a certain liveliness.

AS far as the story of the play is concerned, the garters are only a side line. They flood the first scene with their lurid magnificence, and then retire to give the main plot a front seat. This plot is the perpetual nagging and disagreement of the two partners. Mr. Nettleton, for instance, calls himself the Head of the Firm; while Mr. Johns claims to be the Brains, a subtle distinction that is designedly invidious. This mild form of hostility develops, in due course, into a sharp exchange of personalities, and culminates in regrettable threats of violence. Then Mr. Nettleton objects to having relatives in the business, and therefore Mr. Johns introduces his nephew Richard as his private secretary. By way of countering this move, Mr. Nettleton engages his niece Polly as his own official typist and stenographer, but the partners nearly rend the poor girl asunder in their efforts to secure a monopoly of her services. On the morning of her arrival at the office Miss Polly at once sets her cap at Mr. Richard, thus proving that she is at least acquainted with the rudimentary essentials of the typing industry.

RECOGNISED! *Stage Photo Co.*

Florence Cole (Joyce Barbour) causes the enterprising T. Boggs Johns (Joseph Coyne) distinct uneasiness by recognising him despite his guise of a manservant

THIS picturesque little entanglement, which is of course of perfectly honourable intent, gives the rise to some of the most popular songs of the production. In the First Act there is a graceful duet by Polly and Richard (Miss Anita Elson and Mr. Sonnie Hale) entitled "Don't Forget." It is the usual reminder of the newly affianced youth that when the other chap rings up with an invitation to lunch he must be told to keep off the grass. Another duet is "Cross Your Heart," which is sung to slow, soothing music that is very properly encored again and again. The song expresses what is apparently a popular American method of making a solemn declaration. You cross your heart with your finger and express the hope that sudden death may swiftly follow broken faith. I think I prefer it to the less elegant home method of suggesting throat-slitting as a just and proper retribution.

THE outstanding feature of the First Act is the culmination of the differences between the partners, admirably represented by Mr. A. W. Baskcomb and Mr. Joseph Coyne. The firm's solicitor is

OH, SO SUPERIOR! *Stage Photo Co.*

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Nettleton (Stephanie Stephens and A. W. Baskcomb) regard T. Boggs Johns (Joseph Coyne) and Florence Cole (Joyce Barbour) in a very "up-stage" manner. A. W. Baskcomb and Joseph Coyne supply most of the humour in this bright play

hastily summoned to draw up a deed of dissolution of partnership, but he can get neither of the bickering partners to agree to the basic essentials of the argument. So, in despair, he suggests that they should arrange matters as the result of a game of poker, the winner to remain in sole possession of the business for a twelvemonth, while the loser is to become the other partner's menial servant, with a forfeit of twenty pounds for every act of insubordination. Mr. Johns welcomes the idea. The prospect of having the cantankerous Nettleton as his household butler is too delightful for anything. Mr. Coyne, as Johns, plays his hand with confidence, satisfied that in a very few minutes he will be calling this Nettleton person to heel, while Mr. Nettleton, on his side, is almost panic-stricken at the fear of losing the game. Mr. Baskcomb's "business," as he draws every new card is quite wonderful in its detail. He runs his hand tremblingly across the table, and his facial expression at once betrays the nature of his fortune. When he finds that he has actually won he is almost in a state of collapse. It is all extremely rich and funny.

BUT, as the poet has reminded us, things are not what they seem. Nettleton is not magnanimous in the hour of his victory. He comes to his home and requires the new "butler" to wait upon him hand and foot; and he even invites the girl to whom Johns is engaged to visit the house so that she may be a witness to her *fiancé's* humiliation. But presently we see the reverse of the medal. Nettleton is obliged to do the work of both partners in the business; and all the while he has to pay the "Butler" high wages, with the dreadful apprehension that Johns is taking advantage of his position to make love to the attractive Mrs. Nettleton, who is well aware that he is not one of the servants at all. So that in due course it is Nettleton and not Johns who is anxious to have the partnership restored. This is merely a bald outline of the story. It is impossible to reproduce the high spirits of Mr. Coyne, or the laughable dolefulness of Mr. Baskcomb, which combine to make the entertainment so droll.

MR. BASKCOMB has a very diverting song in the Second Act, given with all the studied melancholy that fits in so well with his style of humour. The song refers to our Surplus Women, of whom there are stated to be at least two millions. This leads up to an amusing statistical consideration of the number of "glad eyes" that must ultimately prove to have been a sheer waste of the raw material (though, as has truly been remarked, you never know, you know).

MISS ANITA ELSON, as the nicely trained typist, sings tunefully and acts daintily, but her chief activity is reserved for her dancing. She is a young lady of unbounded energy, and she floats gracefully about the stage with all kinds of attractive kicking, from medium to high.

JINGLE.

Sport and General

MR. C. E. W. MACKINTOSH

A prominent member of the British Universities Ski Team who has played a leading part in the matches against the Swiss Universities. Last season he won the Cuthbert Savage Challenge Cup for Slalom racing

The Growth of British Ski-ing

By A. H. D'EGVILLE, F.R.G.S.

Alpine Ski Club, Chairman of the Championship Committee, 1927

It is not more than twenty-five years since an Englishman was seen on skis in Switzerland for the first time, and caused no mild sensation thereby. To-day, British ski-runners are able to hold their own in international events—in Switzerland, at least.

Ski-ing is not in any sense a Swiss national sport in the same way as it is a Norwegian sport. It was in Norway and Lapland that the ski originated, and was for many centuries used solely as a means of getting about in deep snow where walking was out of the question.

Not until comparatively recent times did it become a sport, but it had been used as such in Norway long before the Swiss took it up.

But the natural winter conditions of the Alps were admirably suited to ski-ing, and, once begun, it soon began to make tremendous headway, enabling Swiss runners to compete very fairly successfully with their Norwegian teachers.

No such favourable winter conditions, however, have conduced to the production of first-class British runners. But innate love of, and skill in, sports of all kinds has made up very largely for the shortness of time which most Britons can spend abroad during the year. Such games as football, hockey, tennis, running, and rowing are a fine groundwork for ski-ing, bringing, as they do, quickness, agility, and strength to those who indulge in them.

Not until the war was over, however, did British ski-ing begin to go right ahead. Probably the post-war spirit was in great part responsible for the enormous increase in the numbers of visitors to Switzerland, and for the consequent lengthening of the winter seasons at the chief centres.

It was three years ago that a representative British team first took the field against a team of first-class Swiss runners, and was defeated. But the winner was a Swiss guide who had spent every winter on the snows, while the second place was secured by C. E. W. Mackintosh, the Oxford blue, who seldom got more than a month in Switzerland.

The following year the race was restricted to members of Universities on both sides, and once again we were beaten, but not so easily this time. The Swiss captain was first in the cross-country race, Lord Knebworth second, and Mackintosh third. In the Slalom race, that is, a race in which the competitors have to pass through a course marked out by flags, the British captain, Mackintosh, was first; and in the following year the hopes entertained on all sides in this country were more than justified when the British team defeated the Swiss by a handsome margin—and this only three seasons after the inauguration of racing on anything like a large scale among Britishers. The first two places in the straight race were obtained by Leonard Dobbs and Mackintosh, respectively.

These events have caused a great interest to be taken in racing, and as there is no finer training for good ski-ing than good racing, the result has been that the standard of British ski-ing has gone up enormously.

The activities of the Ski Club of Great Britain have, too, done much to raise the standard. The establishment of bronze, silver and gold badges, similar to those which have already been in existence a long time among the skating fraternity, has given a great impetus to ski-ing, and some twenty gold medals have so far been awarded.

Sport and General

LORD KNEBWORTH

Making a jump-turn. Like Mr. Mackintosh, he has played a prominent part in British ski-ing since the war, and came in second in the first race between the British and Swiss Universities

A great compliment to our ski-ing has been paid us by the Swiss, who have now adopted *in toto* our racing rules, which differ from the Norwegian in many respects, due mostly to the different conditions prevailing in the latter country.

Not the least striking evidence of our improvement is to be found in the increasingly great number of excellent women runners, many of whom compete in first-class events with considerable success. Their club, the Ladies' Ski Club, holds its own championship every winter, and not a few members have proved dangerous competitors to the men.

BY HOWARD K. HUCK

THE COLOURFUL SOUTH

An impression of a spectacle which has been attracting a great deal of attention lately at the Moulin Rouge, in Paris. The Hawaiian maidens and the fiery background of the volcano have provided the kind of scene for which the Moulin Rouge is famous.

A TRANSFORMATION . SCENE FROM

A year of assiduous theatre-going and the immediate prospect of pantomime have together caused our artist to evolve the above scene from a fantastic panto
Witch (left), Mr. Gilbert Childs as the Bad Baron, Mlle. Delysia as Sinbad the Sailor, Mr. George Robey as Hamlet (who finds his way into most shows of
Miss Gladys Cooper as Cinderella, Mr. Leslie Henson as the Prima Ballerina and Mr. Jack Buchanan as Captain Hook. The sprite hovering over

OUR CHRISTMAS "PHANTOMIME"

BY M. MACMICHAEL

ime, or "phantomime," which he is convinced would create a sensation. We entirely agree with him! His characters are: Miss Sybil Thorndike as a his kind!), Messrs. Owen Nares and Ivor Novello as the Ugly Sisters, Miss Nellie Wallace as the Fairy Queen, Miss Binnie Hale as Prince Charming, e scene is either Davy Pan or Peter Burnaby, while Mr. George Bernard Shaw seems quite at home wielding a baton instead of his usual scourge

MISS SANTA CLAUS EN SUITE

BY LAURIE TAYLER

THE TEMPLE OF MEMORY

By OWEN OLIVER *Illustration by FRANK OLDHAM*

When a man has forgotten himself for fifteen years it is not likely that others will remember him in a disguise which the police haven't penetrated. So, when the agents booked me to give my "refined and mysterious entertainment" at Blakesby Hall on Boxing Day, I decided to go. I am "Professor Wise, The Wizard of Two Worlds."

When I arrived at the Hall Lord Aelfric welcomed me with the antiquated courtesy of his father. His wife received me with a sedateness and dignity which reminded me of her chilly mother. The years had disguised them also. I was cunningly frank with them, and asked for their assistance to ensure the success of my entertainment.

"It is, of course, trickery," I owned deprecatingly. "You would not have me here if I were a black wizard."

"Of course not," her ladyship agreed. "Not that *I* should mind; but people in our position have to consider the effect upon others. I think religion is such an excellent thing for the lower orders. You will be sure, won't you, to mention that it is just conjuring?"

"Not exactly conjuring," I objected. "I make people remember things, and think that they see them."

"You want to know all about the people, I suppose?" his lordship suggested. "What they'd better remember, eh? No raking up scandals, mind. Our position in the county places us above tittle-tattle, you will understand."

"I understand," I agreed. "Your lordship will honour me by testing my little entertainment personally?"

"That," said her ladyship, "is why he barred the scandals!"

"Anyhow," he grunted, "I shan't furnish him with material to use on me. Suppose we run through the list of people. You'd better help, Eva. It's you women who know all the—not 'scandals,' of course!—things that the Professor might remind your enemies of, eh?"

"Her ladyship will not have any enemies," I protested.

"That is a *façon de parler,*" she told me. "You know French, Professor?"

"Alas, no!" I disclaimed.

We went to the study, and they told me the things which were not scandals; and I wondered what the scandals were like!

The seventeenth glass house on their list was "Miss Stella Hargraves." I hadn't expected to find her there; or still a "miss." I waited with a rather sick feeling for the stones. When you fall you pull down most of your ideals after you; but the string to Stella broke. "Miss Hargraves," her ladyship said, with a curl of her charming lip, "passes for a saint. Perhaps she has that misfortune! Anyhow, there is nothing against her but the natural suspicion which attaches to all saints. She probably won't consult you. She's rather 'pi.' But if she does come I fancy there is a memory which might suit your purpose. There must be some reason—presumably trousered!—why she has never married. I fancy he is a young fellow she knew when she was a girl; a young blackguard."

"No, no, Eva!" his lordship interrupted. "He wasn't a blackguard then. Ronnie Temple was a very decent chap in his young days, you know. From what he said to me, some woman got hold of him, and—Well, you know what they can do with a lad, Professor?"

"I know," I agreed. "The woman was a hussy, I suppose?"

"He never hinted to me who she was," Blakesby said rather sadly. "He was—in those days—a gentleman. I liked Ronnie. Fine cricketer; great all-round athlete; and sang a good song!" He sighed. "Damn the woman, whoever she was. I gathered that she enticed him away from Stella Hargraves; and then threw him over for someone richer; and he went to the devil. Poor chap!"

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Poor fool!" his wife amended. "Anyhow, there's the memory for her. He was a dark young fellow; regular features; perhaps a trifle taller than you. The top of my ear was just level with his shoulder, I remember." I remembered too. "His portrait used to be in the little locket that she wears. She left it about once, and—however, that's twelve years ago. A locket holds many pictures in twelve years! . . . The next on the list is Mrs. Payne. You must be extremely careful not to say anything to offend her. She is my godmother, and very touchy."

In the afternoon I set up my temple in the picture gallery. It is just a dome in four and twenty sectors, grey-painted on the outside and grey-papered on the inside. One sector is a door so that I can enter from outside, where I profess to remain. Inside the door I arrange some mirrors which reflect the sides, and look as if they were part of the circular wall. In the space behind the mirrors I have a table and two racks to hold "changes." I have learned to change in the dark; but there is a faint electric torch on the table which I turn on when I make up my face by the small hand-mirror which I hang on the wall. In the daylight you would call my make-up crude, but in the dimness of the Temple of Memory people see what they expect to see. Three-quarters of my trick is just to make them expect! I do that in the talk which we have before they enter the temple.

"Can people see what isn't there?" you ask. They always do. *You* do. "I see Amanda," you say. My friend, all you see is a photo on your retina. Your mind has added from the pigeon-holes of your memory all the rest of her; will add them just the same, though all you see is a blurry stain, *if you take it for her.* My trick works like that. I coax you into opening the pigeon-hole in your mind where the Amanda memories live. I supply a vague clue which might lead to Amanda. You see—hear—feel—say an old-fashioned dress, and a sigh, and the wistful touch of a hand—and your mind supplies the rest. . . . A charlatan does his quick-change trick behind his screen, and lo ——!

"Amanda!" you scream. "Oh! Amanda!"

There were several people who sat in the chair just inside the doorway that evening; heard the thick curtain drawn over it, and found themselves in the dark; fidgeting and gasping a little till a faint clouded light came; peered round a trifle fearfully in the obscurity; suddenly found a vague something fix their eyes; stared at it while memory worked; and then found an Amanda.

Blakesby himself found one. He had told me that he wished to see someone he hadn't met for many years; owned to "woman," and "little," and "golden-hair," and "big eyes." I gave him a white gowned figure, with a drooping head of golden hair. . . . I drooped the hair into the spot where the dim, shaded light that I turn on is strongest; and his memories leapt to it. . . .

"Hester! . . . Hester, my girl, I never meant. . . . That's enough you d—d humbug!"

"I was a fool to ask to see her," he told me afterwards, wiping his face with his handkerchief. "I know you drew me, but I'm hanged if I know how you got it so near. . . . Most men have something in the back-beyond, eh? I am not worse than other people. It is an infernally clever trick, and you don't give your clients away, of course? . . . Just so. I shall certainly recommend you, you know."

I think I must have been in the vein that evening. I had never been so successful with my memories before. There was an old man who rose and burst open the door curtains, and ran from the Temple into the gallery, and then from that. I looked him up on the list, and made a note to get his address. He should be good for a few hundred, I considered, as the price of silence about something which he had said to a memory in the temple. There was an old woman who cried, and begged the memory to stay her heart and take her away with her, wherever it belonged. . . . "Whichever place it is, dear!" . . . She would not believe it was a trick, and wanted me to go to her house that she might have the memory embodied again; but there are depths lower than even I have fallen to.

Late in the evening Lady Eva stalked into the gallery like a flushed queen. She sat in the big armchair outside the temple, looking at me daringly.

"I am not going to help your trick overmuch, Professor," she declared. "You must guess at my memories."

"There are some memories which every beautiful lady has," I told her. "Every *belle dame sans merci!*"

"You told me that you did not know French," she remarked.

"My memories do! There are people whom *you* do not know now; but your memory knows them. Sacrifices at your shrine!"

"Every *belle dame* has, but I shan't tell you of them."

"Then I must try the only one you have mentioned. The young man by the name of Ronald Temple? Was he a sacrifice? . . . Your face has answered. Will you enter the Temple, your ladyship?"

I held the curtains aside for her to pass in. She hesitated; bit her lip; finally rose and walked to the curtain; stood there for a moment. "You remind me," she said, "of someone I knew."

She looked at me searchingly.

"Tall and regular features," I suggested softly. "Memory is beginning to work. Will you take that chair?" I pointed within, and she entered and sat down. "I must ask you to sit still for a few moments," I said. "It will be dark for a second or two—ten perhaps. Just the stage machinery of the trick. You will think of the young man Temple . . ."

"I shall think," she told me defiantly, "of a hand at bridge, which my partner played very badly."

"Sometimes we have to think of what we would forget."

I said that from outside the Temple. I was hurrying round to the secret door. . . . The curtains closed. . . . The light went out. . . . There was not much make-up to do. I had dropped the robe as I crept round the Temple. Now I took off my wig and beard. In a faint light I am still just a possible clue to my young self. The lines that life writes do not show in the dark. . . . Not on the face. . . . Presently I stepped beyond the mirrors; stood with despairing, outstretched arms . . .

"Eva," I cried, in the voice which used to be mine. "I shall go to the devil if you send me away. *After all that has been between us.*"

"Oh!" the woman in the chair gasped. "Oh! . . . My God! . . . It is a trick. Let me out of here! . . . You blackguard!"

She swayed in her chair; put her hands over her face. I switched off the light; passed swiftly behind the mirrors and through the concealed door. I put on my white wig and my beard, as I did that; picked up my robe and slipped it on as I went round to the entrance; was waiting there, as if I had never moved, when she pushed the curtains aside, and staggered out. I helped her to a chair, and she sat there and stared at me. There was little in Professor Wise to call up the memories of young Temple!

"I suppose," she said presently, "you have met the man? And he has sent you to blackmail me? Try it on, and you'll end in gaol."

"The man," I lied, "has been dead for many a year."

She breathed a sigh of relief.

"A good job, too," she said. "If we lived in olden times I think *you* might not live very long. If I told my husband of it . . ."

"He might ask exactly what I know," I said softly.

"There is nothing to know," she declared.

(*Continued on page 912*)

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Harold Earnshaw

CHEEK!

Ten Little Pierrot

STANLEY HOLLOWAY

My name is one you can't forget,
Your memory cannot fail,
You've only got to think of pills
And ointment, gin and gaol.

AUSTIN MELFORD

I don't know why I'm here at all;
I feel that I've been forced in.
They'd a Wolseley and a Bentley,
So they had to have an Austin.

MARY LEIGH

I am little Mary;
Kind and gentle, you will see,
And later you will also find
I sing so Mary-Leigh.

SHEILA RAWLE

I am little Sheila Rawle,
So give a rousing cheer;
If you'll only wait a minute,
As a dancer Sheila-pear.

MELVILLE GIDEON

They cannot do without me,
As you must plainly see;
Where'er they go they're bound to be
Accompanied by me.

Visitors to His Majesty's Theatre will realise that the Co-Optimists cannot be better described than in their own modest words, programme—their thirteenth—which they are "now

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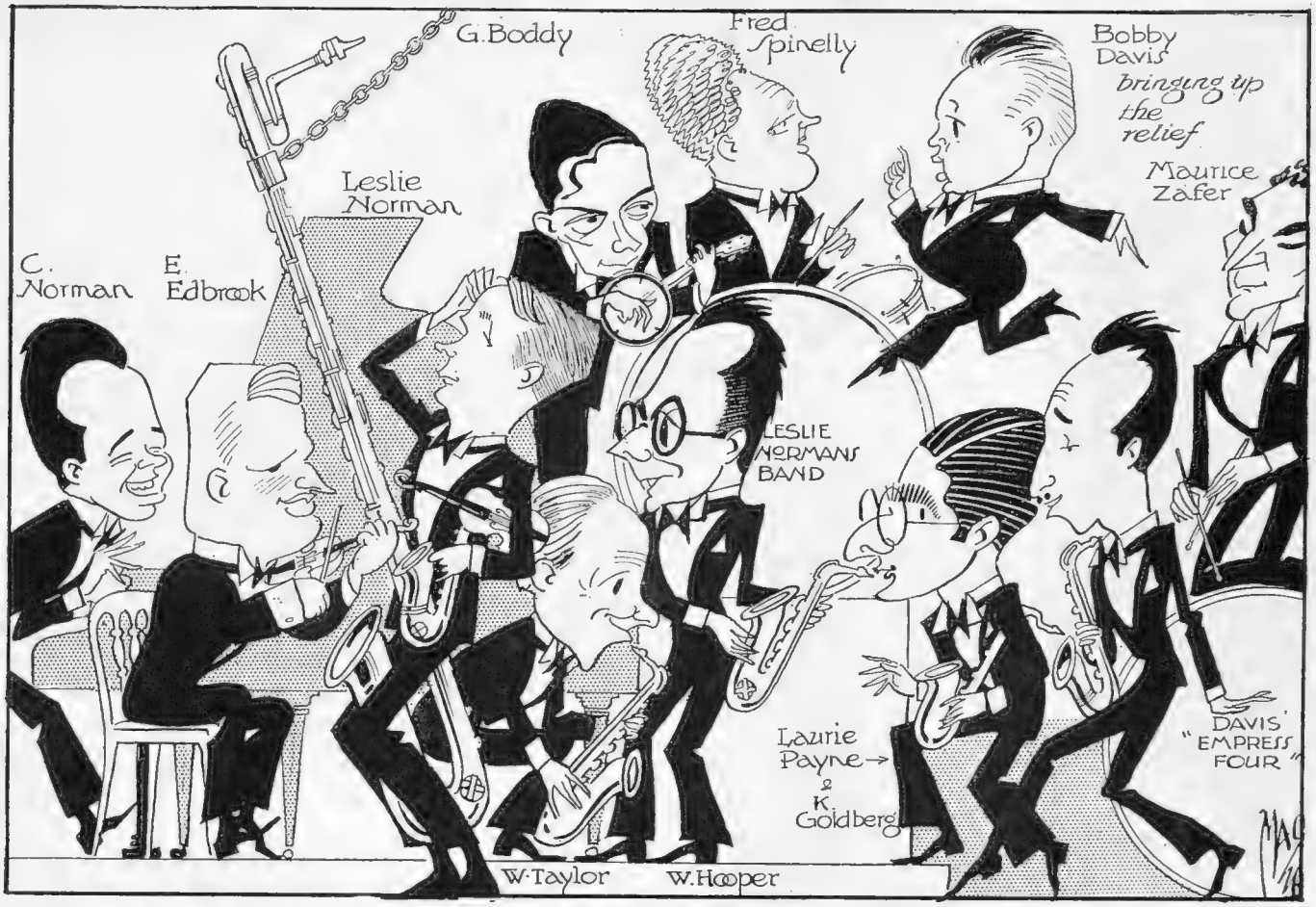
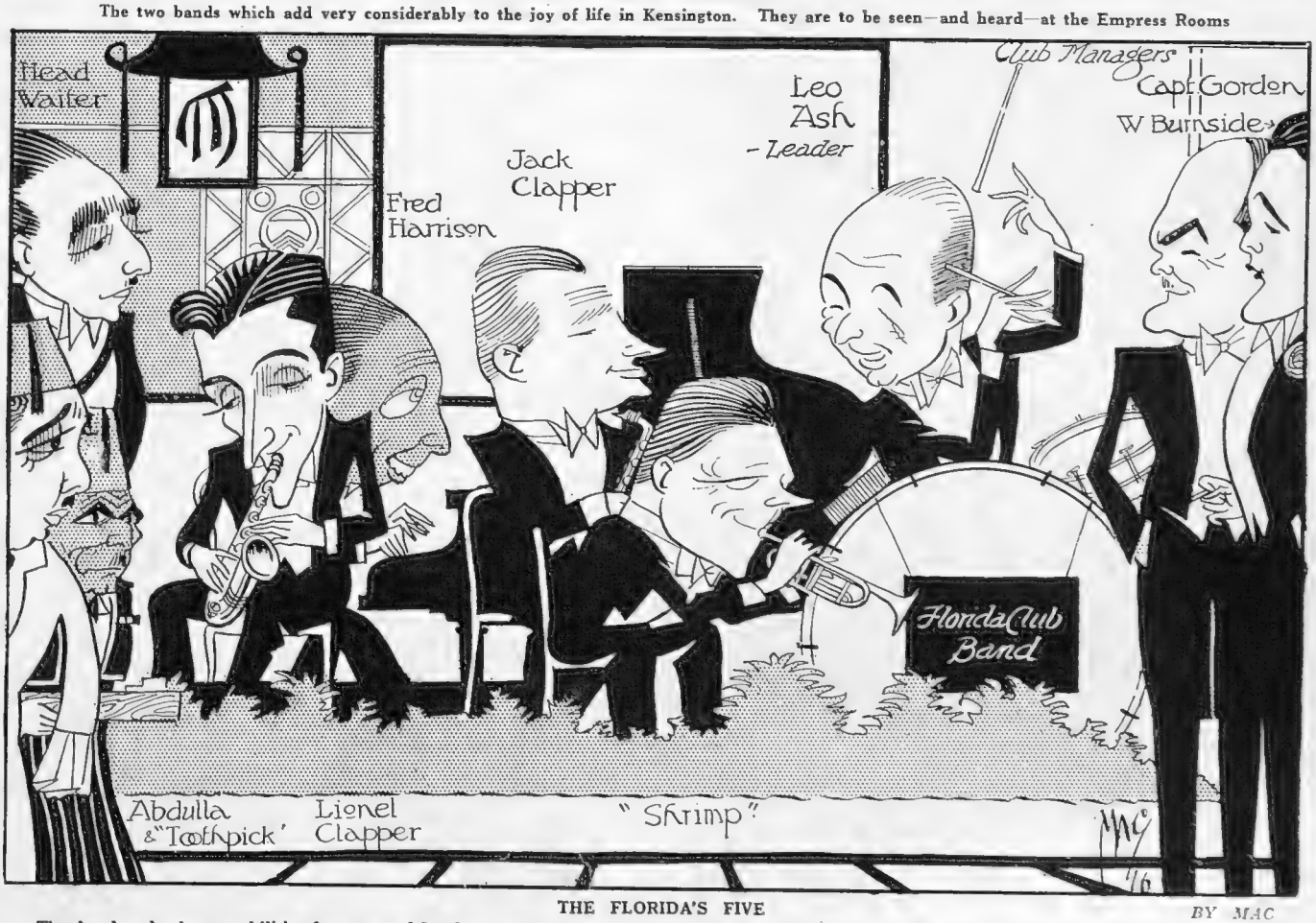
A Further Selection from London's Bands



A MUSICAL "DOUBLE"

The two bands which add very considerably to the joy of life in Kensington. They are to be seen—and heard—at the Empress Rooms



THE FLORIDA'S FIVE

BY MAC

The band and other notabilities from one of London's most popular dancing centres. The sketches were made "on the spot" at the Florida Club

African village at one of the exhibitions, and he organises them into a "white village," with humiliating side-shows in which they have to dance the Charleston and other negroid dances fashionable among the inferior whites.

IT is vastly to the liking of the blacks, especially to the royal wives, who find the white savages most alluring. When they are delivered by a passing airship the royal wives follow them to Marseilles, and even the king decides that he will fare better as the leader of a coconut orchestra in the aristocratic *dancings* of France. With such a story there are obviously possibilities for *chants endiablés* and *danses frénétiques*, and M. Weiner has done everything that could be asked in this direction.

Lola Menzeli . . . who is known to every *gamin* of Paris

WE are now to have *cabarets* in Paris—I mean, what are described as *cabarets* in London. Real *cabarets, bien entendu*, we have always had, but it is now concluded that there is also room for the London type of *cabaret*, which, in the view of Paris, is an *après-minuit* music-hall performance in a champagne atmosphere with an abundance of *entr'actes* given over to dancing. The Apollo, which sets the lead, is determined that there shall be no doubt as to the character and origin of the entertainment, as it styles it "Midnight Follies," and the troupe includes such fine old French names as Jack and June, Miss O'Keefe, Miss Garston, Constance Evans, Tina Meller, sister of the incomparable Raquel Meller, and Sam Woodley's jazz-band. Altogether, it is a very ambitious programme, for it is headed by Lola Menzeli, who so delighted London after New York, and who is known to every *gamin* of Paris through the *ravissant* poster of our own Marcel.

"My husband will call for me with his car!"

THERE will be a piquant interest in seeing if the new venture is a success in Paris, as, if it is, it may make quite a difference to Montmartre. It has long been the opinion of many of us that the proprietors of the Montmartre *dancings* furnished mighty little in return for the amount of money they extracted—just one or two fair-to-moderate *numeros*, and for the rest of your amusement you had to rely on dancing, under conditions that even Smyrna figs would have considered overtight packing. Should the Apollo capture the crowds, the others will have to introduce a little enterprise, and already they are feeling the "franc draught."

HOW much money was being flung about in Montmartre is delightfully revealed by the story of a literary man who finds he can work best at night, and who advertised for a typist to work from midnight till four. An applicant arrived with the necessary qualifications, but before concluding the engagement the writer felt it advisable to ask, "Won't you feel afraid of going home at four in the morning?" "Oh, that'll be all right," answered the typist, "My husband will call for me with his car." "*His car!*" "Yes, you see he is a *chasseur* at a *dancing* in Montmartre. Four o'clock will be most convenient.

Chasseurs have been faring much better than State officials. In one of the ministries one good overcoat has had to serve for half a dozen of the staff. This *pardessus passe-partout* belonged to one of the young officials who happened to possess wealthy relatives, and it was the envy of all the others suffering the agony of shiny ones which they could not afford to replace. The favoured one was good-hearted, however, and when any of his comrades had to figure *dans le monde* he lent him the coat. All was well so long as two officials were not invited! RENÉ.

Naval Fashions à la Mode

BY E. T. REED

Recent weird and startling innovations in H.M.S. "Warspite"—the merging of two colossal funnels into one, the introduction of yet more staggering Cubist "top-hamper," "firing" all the canons of art—make us fearful lest these tendencies should spread to the "personnel"

The Camera Looks at the Open-

A "SCHOOL" MEET *Special Press*

The huntsman and the pack of the Grafton Hunt photographed on the North Steps of Stowe School with some of the boys. This is becoming an interesting annual meet

Sport and General

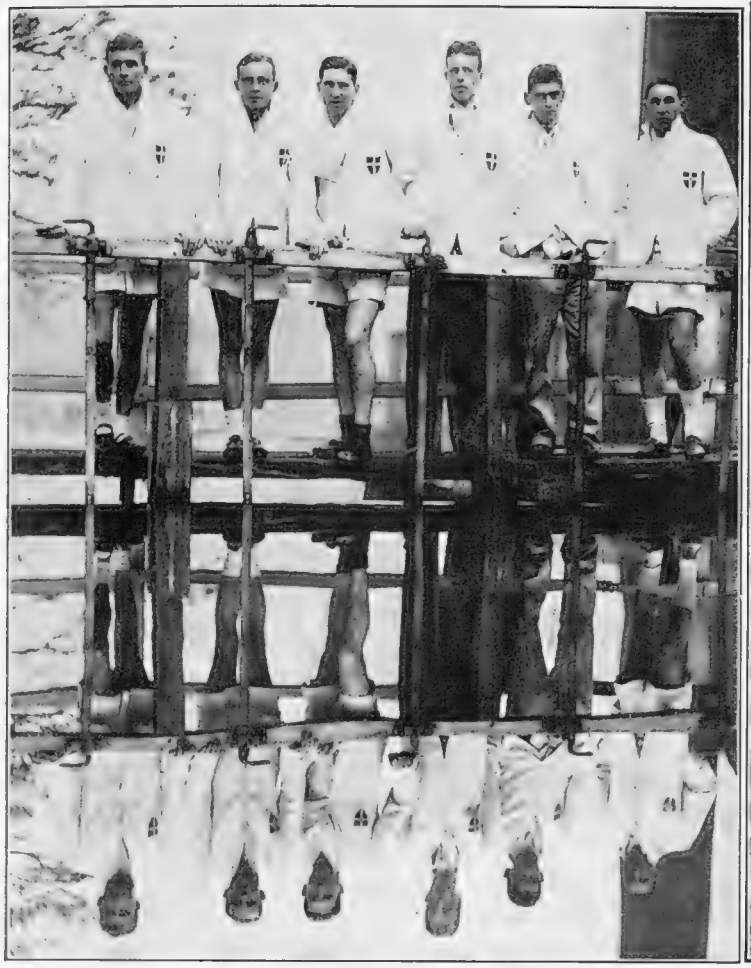
AT QUEEN'S CLUB

The Oxford and Cambridge captains photographed before their match in the Inter-Varsity Squash Racquets at Queen's Club. J. E. Tew (Oxford) beat H. C. H. Macdonald (Cambridge) by 3 games to none, and Oxford finally beat Cambridge by 4 matches to 1

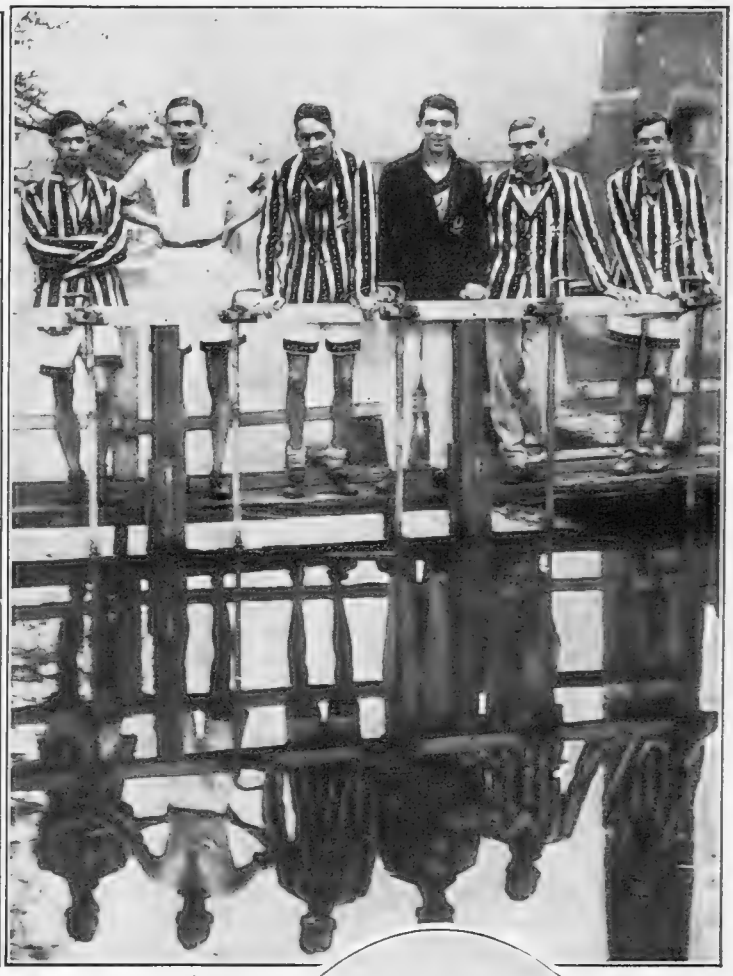
RUGGER IN

The Leinster team (left), who were beaten by Ulster (right) in the final Irish trial match which was In the scrummage there was little to choose between the two teams, but the Ulster back division

air Life in Two Countries



Central News



Topical

A "DOUBLE" EVENT

The Oxford (right) and Cambridge Cross Country teams are caught by the photographer in an unwontedly reflective mood before the Cross Country match between the two Universities at Horton Kirby, Farningham. This match has previously taken place at Roehampton, but the activities of the builders have put an effective —and unwelcome—stop to the time-honoured event in that district

Topical

IRELAND

held recently at Dublin. Ulster won comfortably by four goals (20 points) to a goal and a try (8 points). showed a pronounced superiority. Stephenson converted three out of the four Ulster tries

Sport and General

FIRST MAN HOME

W. A. M. Edwards, of Oxford, who was the first man home in the Oxford v. Cambridge Cross Country match. Oxford were the winners

CHRISTMAS AS ADVERTISED

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"A Merry Christmas to you"

LONDON, *December* 20.

DEAR COUSIN—

HAST heard perchance a rumour of some approaching not to say near-at-hand feast, festivity, or celebration that's to be held in the course of this very week as ever is—in short, as Mr. Micawber'd have put it, on Saturday *prox.?* No, I will not deceive you, dear cousin, or leave you further in suspense . . . it *is* (as p'raps you may have even already surmised) Christmas that I mean.

NOT at all a bad sort of affair either, methinks, between you and me, spite of the publicity thereof having been just conceivably here and there a bit overdone. I mean, if you're always reading and being told about Miss Jane Q. Barryless, the great American ac-tress, that she's the finest Ophelia the maker of God's Own Country ever had the big idea of creating, and has all our British mutt-ettes of the stage beat to a frazzle. . . . Or if it's daily dinned into you that M. Kracha Quidonc, of Paris, or Mme. Lydia Getitova, the incomparable *danseuse*—or for that matter our own Mr. Gerald Juniper (*née* Jones) or Gladys Googoo (*née* Smith)—are so astoundingly and delightfully perfect it's a privilege even to be able to say you've seen (if not exactly heard) them from the back row of the gallery. . . . Well, kind of almost prejudiced somehow you seem to get about 'em and even begin to suspect they can't be *quite* so entirely marvellous as reported if they need such a nell of a lot of boosting, what?

AND they certainly do appear to've been giving this Christmas business rather a terrible lot of advance publicity (as they say) too this time, don't they—wellnigh and almost as much as if it were one of those cabaret dancers at £300 a week or so—that, as some one put it at a (rather late) supper the other night, are so-called because they're the sort you want to take a cab away from. (Loud cheers, laughter and groans.) 'Nfact, not sure Christmas this year didn't start somewhere about the midst of the late-lamented month of November, or even earlier. But all the same and in spite of everything Christmas has passed, meseems, the supreme test and survived, as only the Really Very Best Things can or do, the preliminary panegyrics of what I b'lieve they call in America the advance agent.

IN other words, as Mr. George Robey once remarked in a song that I'm sure would have been banned in Birmingham (where they drape the legs of Russian dancers and probably pianos, too), still and as of old, ere bingles were thought of or Eton crops conceived—

> The bells of Yule go ting-a-ling
> For me and eke for you.

And so, dear cousin, before I proceed or go any further, here's A Merry Christmas to you and everyone. And let's do it thoroughly, too. With simply lots and lots and heaps and heaps of holly and mistletoe and presents for all the world (they're still doing last-minute shopping in Bond Street and elsewhere), and Christmas cards complete with little robins in the snow, and stockings crammed with everything of the best (yes, they, too, still survive, only you mustn't choose quite your *bestest* ones because of ladders). Also even waits (by gramophone or wireless) if you really want' em.

FURTHER, and to boot, a right-down regular Christmas dinner, if you positively insist on that, which I am more or less perfectly sure you will. But can eat, assimilate or consume now, I assure you with a perfectly and completely clear conscience, whatever the antis, otherwise lentil-lappers, grass-gourmands and fruitarian fanatics may say. 'Cos why? Hearken and also listen unto this as officially expounded by no less a one than the New Health Society, which *ought* to know, what? Eat roast turkey, they say, also plum pudding—alleged to be "a wholesome mixture," though even a name like that couldn't set me against it—likewise mincepies, which are (list now once more unto the experts) an excellent food.

"Dancers under twenty must be accompanied by their parents"

So that's that, and now we feel we can absolutely let ourselves go, not to say launch out, under the very best and most reliable of auspices, *n'est-ce pas?* And, after all, even if we hadn't had such-like official sanction, so to speak, why shouldn't we just every now and then break from the trammels and do something thoroughly rash and unhygienic and all that sort s rt of thing? Considering, I mean, what simply terribly and frightfully virtuous lives we lead to-day, compared with some.

"So as not to shock the blacks"

Ah! yes and indeed, but 'tis so, *ma chère.* I see your eyes goggling with surprise, as they say, especially with vague memories of what our somewhat severe grandmothers have told us about Victorian days. But come with me this week (if it's still on) to Mr. Wycherley's *The Country Wife* at the Everyman if you really want to know. I mean . . . well, always being told what a frightfully shocking crowd we are to-day, aren't we? So fatally frank and positively indecent in the way we call a spade a spade, not to say a pink shovel. But oh! brothers and sisters, gather round (no, only the sisters, I think), and consider this little drama that the Censor hasn't apparently even begun to think of censoring—I wonder why?

Terribly glad he hasn't, I hasten to add, but I just simply had to mention it, you know. Seeing that it's all about—but, really, I refuse to say one *single* word more, except that Isabel Jeans wears in it a quite too utterly fetching and quite thoroughly Charles II or Restoration frock (see pictures by one Sir Peter Lely), and the play attaching thereto is more or less appropriate thereto, only, if anything, rather more. . . . But hush! the young people are home for Christmas holidays—though may add that at first night of aforesaid play saw (1) nice little boy of about twelve brought thither by (I hope) unsuspecting parents, and (2) parson of classic features and highly respectable appearance. (Though he, I expect, made it all right with his conscience, like another one I met the other night who'd been to *The Constant Nymph,* but buoyed himself up against the possible irregularities thereof by telling us that he wasn't in the least shocked, because it was so artificial and untrue to life, just like *The Beggars' Opera,* or words to that effect. Whereat, methinks, once more loud cheers and laughter.)

Lots of nice young people, by the way, home just now for aforementioned Xmas holidays (only we mustn't call it Xmas, am told, any more, because the Americans, who hate all sorts of abbreviations and slang, don't they? say it's irreverent. And providing, even for us possibly slightly *blasé* Londoners, a new and renewed joy in lovely traditional Xmas shows (yes, I persist in being British) like *Charley's Aunt* at the St. James's, or *The Private Secretary* that begins its *n*th career at the Kingsway this very Thursday next. A season of the young, I suppose really, this Christmas, but I'm not sure it isn't really some ways even more a season of the old (said she sententiously).

What I mean to say is, those revivals that happen around this period of the year—well, even the most Edwardian, not to say Victorian, amongst us has, at any rate, *something* to chat about when the ancient perennials are trotted out once more. And, by the way, hear they're actually and positively playing ping-pong again here in London now, which am sure to some of the elder generation must bring back most poignant memories (as they say in the best-selling books) of about twenty years ago or so, or more. Positively almost a shock it was to find only last week that they'd actually been having championships or something at above-mentioned intriguing but wellnigh forgotten game.

Bridge I suppose it was that first knocked out the after-dinner ping-pong of old days, till dancing came along and wiped 'em both off the map—though they do say dance places, not to mention charity affairs, haven't done any too well lately. Though that may have been because of everybody hoarding their good gold for Christmas—anyway, expect there'll be quite a gay and glittering throng for the Happy New Year Ball on December 31 for the Middlesex, complete with Jack Hylton's band, that they're having at the hall named after Albert the Good. . . . Which they're getting up a movement to ban out of Africa, did you hear, so's not to shock the blacks. And Switzerland's so fed up therewith, apparently, that the authorities have passed a law to cut down all dancing to only three months in the year, and everyone under twenty to have to bring their parents with 'em or they mayn't take the floor!

So we *are* luckier than some, though Dora does still stop us buying chocs. or gaspers after eight. Still, even if "fags" and fondants are *verboten* at an early hour, solace can be found in a good dinner always provided that the surroundings and victuals—to say nothing of your *vis-à-vis*—are "reet oop to t'maark," as they say in the North. Such a place, for instance, as the Caprice Restaurant at the St. James's Palace Hotel in Bury Street, where Restaurant Manager Berino prepares a *Fillet de Sole Louise* right under your own eyes which is a dream of delight.

With love,
Yours ever,
Blanchette.

"Last minute Christmas shoppers"

Stage Photo Co.

A WELCOME RETURN

A charming study of Miss Mavis Yorke, who was the original Will-o'-th'-Wisp in "Where the Rainbow Ends" when it was first produced in 1911. This year she is to play two important parts in this popular children's play which opens a special matinée season at the Holborn Empire on Boxing Day

RUGGER REACTIONS

DEFEAT, BUT NOT DISGRACE

By "PENDARVES"

THUS sums up the Varsity Match, I think. Cambridge scored 30 points at Twickenham last Tuesday afternoon and Oxford 5. But 30,000 people thoroughly enjoyed themselves in spite of this heavy Cambridge scoring, especially the beaten Oxford side, who left the ground looking a thoroughly happy body of men, considering.

Oxford were beaten simply because the Cambridge halves and all four threequarters had the brains of the business and the speed to get to the business end of matters before the other fellow did. Apart from that, the Oxford forwards were better than the Cambridge pack, though not by as much as we were led to expect. But the game was too fast and too open to admit of either pack dominating the proceedings (Oxford hoped to) and so the cards fell into the hands of Windsor Lewis and the men behind him, and that is why there were three goals and five tries scored; for Windsor Lewis knows how to play his cards on a Rugger ground better than any stand-off half now playing the game, with the possible exceptions of young Greenlees of Leicester and Herbert Waddell of the Glasgow Academicals and Scotland.

I should be quite happy if I were a member of the Oxford side to-night. They are all, doubtless, happier than I am at the moment—it being 10 p.m. on Varsity Rugger Night! They did their best, and a jolly good best it was. They were up against a side of an all-round higher calibre than themselves—and so down they went. Not without fireworks to light them on their way, though. The first rocket shot up in the first four minutes of play, and every man round the ground who had money on Cambridge, and every girl who had "interests" (you know what I mean, sirs) therein gasped and said, "Here, what's all this?" For the despised Oxford had scored a try, converted into a goal!

A perfectly orthodox and deserved goal, too, through Landale and Berkley—a couple of old Blues who know a thing or three—and Oxford lead; and every dark blue tail all over the ground goes up into the perpendicular and waves in the breeze. Cambridge, metaphorically speaking, dabs at its nose, like a boxer does, you know, when he "walks into one" unexpectedly, and goes in again, head down and breathing hard.

One should not make invidious distinctions, but more so than in most first-class Rugger games individuals dominated this game thereafter. And the head and corner stone of individualism on both sides was Windsor Lewis, of Christ's College, Brecon, Pembroke, London Welsh and Wales. He inspired the Cambridge side. He was in up to the chin, or closely connected, with all the prodigious scoring; whenever the ball came out of the Cambridge scrum to him he did something lethal with it; and in every loose rush he was there or frightfully thereabouts. A great day did this young player have. Wales is lucky in possession of him for January 15th, and the question is, *who* is England going to put up to cope with him?

Even with the score at only 8-5 in favour of Cambridge at half-time, it was quite obvious what the result would be. The pace of the game, on none too fast a ground, had been terrific so far, and no forwards, however fit and determined, could keep this up. It would resolve itself into a game for the backs. And so we settled down to watch the manner and extent of the Cambridge scoring.

For every score was dramatic—not solely because of merit in the getting over; though Hamilton-Smythe's determined long distance run was one of the best things seen in a Varsity match for some years; it just happened that way. First W. J. Taylor, then Rowe Harding, then Barlow, then Taylor again bring Cambridge supporters off their seats with excitement; and each time Barlow, the skipper, has a kick at a goal, and sometimes he gets them and sometimes he doesn't, though most of them are bang in front of the uprights—but it is all very good practice for him, and as things stand it doesn't much matter to Cambridge University whether from their periodical tries they score 3 points or 5—it is all over, bar the shouting and the bet paying by the "Oxford" spectators.

Anything amusing? *Rather!* We were told, afterwards, that very many pretty ladies were to be seen on the ground smoking cigarettes, and that young men were walking about carrying fire-extinguishers. Now here *is* a chance for the cigarette advertisers to get really busy.

And that the clergymen were there in full force, as usual. I read of one who "was a very substantial representative of the Established Church, and he walked from stand to stand, conversing with all and sundry, rubicund in face and prosperous in appearance!"

Sport and General

THE BLUES AT TWICKENHAM

A general view of the Varsity match in progress. Cambridge won convincingly, scoring 30 points to Oxford's 5

Hunting Notes

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

Meynell Affairs

SIR HAROLD NUTTING intends to give up the Mastership of the Meynell Hounds at the end of the season. He will then have completed seven years in the country, and his term of office will be pleasantly remembered by all who have shared in the consistently good sport he has shown. In many respects the Meynell is one of the most attractive countries in the kingdom. Just outside that favoured region which is frequently referred to as The Shires, it resembles the best part of Leicestershire, in that it consists chiefly of grass

IN THE PADDOCK *Alfieri*

Lord Queenborough and Miss Locker Lampson photographed between races at the Plumpton Steeplechases. Two of Lord Queenborough's horses, Kepi Amarante and Soleira, ran at the meeting

with flying fences. It claims the further advantage of having practically no wire. Time was when the Meynell had the reputation of possessing perhaps the best mounted field of any Hunt. Even in these days you may see a group of horses at the meeting-places of the pack which will compare in quality with those found with the Pytchley or the Quorn.

A Smart Huntsman

THESE hounds have had a particularly smart huntsman during the past season in the person of Peter Farrelly. Years ago he attracted attention when whipping to the Quorn. He received his promotion in the Bedale country, and has done well in the various countries he has served as huntsman. Any sportsman who should aspire to the future Mastership of the Meynell should bear in mind that the ownership of the hounds is vested in

AT AN IRISH MEET *Poole, Waterford*

A photograph taken at a recent meet of the Kilkenny Hounds at Ballyfacey Cross Roads, showing Lord Southampton (wearing a light suit), the Master of the South Durham, who has been taking a busman's holiday with this Hunt as Lord Bellew's guest. The photograph also includes the Hon. Ismay Fitzroy, Lord Southampton's youngest daughter, and Lord Bellew on foot, and Miss Goff, Mr. T. Gallwey, Mr. R. Pilsworth, the Hon. Secretary, Mr. John Alexander, Mr. P. N. O'Gorman and Dr. Walsh

trustees who hold them for the country. Another pack whose committee is looking out for a new Master is the Hursley Hounds. They are being carried on at present without a regular M.F.H. On Fridays they go out on the Salisbury side of their country, which usually carries a better scent than the Winchester side visited on Tuesdays.

No Change

LAST week I made some reference to the South and West Wilts country.

Sport and General

A TENSE MOMENT

Mrs. Whitelaw (left) and Miss Molly Ramsden caught by the photographer at Plumpton. The favourites were well placed in nearly every race

It had been announced that Mr. Isaac Bell was giving up his pack in order to take over the Ledbury, but it is now officially stated that this Wiltshire country will not be vacant for next season. A gap occurs in the Southwold country in Lincolnshire. This is a four-days-a-week pack covering an extensive area. The committee wish to find a sportsman who will hunt the whole country, but it will be possible to make arrangements to form a joint Mastership. The old trouble of over-riding the hounds has occurred this season in the Midland district. The Pytchley is one of those countries in which complaints have lately been made as to the over-eagerness of the field. The mischief arises chiefly on bad scenting days. Fortunately, there have been occasions during the past few weeks when the Pytchley have been free from the attentions of the thrusting division.

Good Sport

FOR example, following their recent meet at Badby, these hounds were able to run with plenty of dash. Their first fox gave a good hunt, which included a point of five miles. Later in the day they ran well from Preston Hogstaff and put their fox to ground on Weedon Hill after another five-mile point. Their followers had all the galloping and jumping they could have wished for on this good day.

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

Young Hurdlers

AS a rule this is the dullest time of the whole racing year. But National Hunt sport has been decidedly brisk during the past few weeks. There have been excellent fields for the most part, and the majority of recent fixtures have gone with a decidedly agreeable swing. The form of the three-year-old hurdle racers is being followed with a good deal of public attention. Royal Falcon held a fine record over the obstacles until he met one just too good for him at the weights at Nottingham last week. The downfall of Mrs. Drummond's colt was brought about by Marié Rocket. Nobody who saw the latter run at Sandown Park a week or two recently could have been surprised at his success, for he had shaped exceedingly well. Evidently he was only in

Topical

SMILES AT THE MEET

A cheerful group on the steps of Buckland House, near Farringdon, in Berkshire, at a meet of the Old Berkshire. The photograph shows Miss M. Eyston, Miss Nancy Paine, Miss Anne Lewis and Miss P. M. Butler

need of further experience. He belongs to Sir Donald Horsfall, a Bradford sportsman of the keenest type. Marié Rocket was always fairly useful on the flat, and it is satisfactory to find him taking kindly to the jumping game.

Wins for Rhodes

CECIL RHODES came in for many congratulations on the double success he achieved when riding Marié Rocket and Sans Peche to victory in their respective races last week. A nephew of the South African statesman of the same name, young Rhodes was fired with the ambition some years ago of becoming a jockey. The first time I met him was when I was visiting Sam Pickering's stable at Newmarket. Cecil Rhodes was serving as an apprentice there at the time. He was unable to gratify his ambition on the flat before increasing weight made it difficult for him to continue riding regularly under Jockey Club Rules. He is, however, just as keen to shine over the obstacles, and his successes last week show that he is by no means lacking in riding ability. Sans Peche was another of the Sandown competitors who seemed to be marked out for future success, and there were several substantial winners when the mare did the trick last week.

The Tax Again

ANYTHING which Lord D'Abernon has to say on racing and horse-breeding matters is assured of the attention and interest of the sporting public. As the president of the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association he delivered a thoughtful address at their recent meeting at Newmarket, which has naturally been widely read. In the course of his speech he discussed the Betting Tax and its probable influence on the bloodstock breeding industry. It is not surprising to find that he does not share the fears of those who have told us that the tax will be the ruin of racing and breeding. Lord D'Abernon is chiefly concerned in a project for securing part of the proceeds of the tax for the benefit of the Turf. He claims that some of the money should be restored by the Treasury to race-course executives. The latter in their turn would then be in a position to improve the amount of added money, which in this country is considerably smaller than is distributed in many places abroad. Lord D'Abernon argues that with this suggested addition to their funds our race-courses could provide cheaper and better accommodation for the public.

Photo Illus.

A SURREY MEET

A picturesque photograph taken at the recent meet of the Chiddingfold Foxhounds at Baynards Park, in Surrey. Mrs. B. Stevenson and Mrs. P. Chantry are seen arriving

Topical

BEFORE THE RUN

Mr. E. A. Berry and his fiancée, Miss Murice Attrieave, at a recent meet of the Surrey Union. It was held at Row Gardens Wood, Charlwood, the residence of Mr. Eustace Berry

Quite Stiff Enough

THERE is a great deal in favour of his suggestion, but, of course, everything depends upon whether the Betting Tax realises the amount which the Government had set out to receive from this source. In many quarters it is believed that the revenue will exceed the estimated six millions, and if this should be the case the Treasury will surely be in a position to grant a certain percentage to the race funds on the lines recommended by Lord D'Abernon. This sportsman suggested in one part of his speech that the duty on race-course betting might be increased for the benefit of race funds. I do not think the racing public would stand any further demands on their resources. The tax is quite stiff enough at its present rate, and any attempt to make it bigger would produce an upheaval which would prove costly to racing finance. Lord Lonsdale gave a hint in his speech at the Gimcrack Club dinner that the Jockey Club would be opposed to any further methods of taxing racegoers.

The CHRISTMAS BUST

THE BOBBERY PACK

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE ascetic is as rare as the bounder among Dogs, and the average member of their beloved race enjoys an occasional bust as well as any man, woman, or child. But if you want to feast your Dog for Christmas, don't offer him your own fare. It may be amusing to give him plum pudding, mince pie and turkey; but the fun will be on your side, not his, and he may have to pay unpleasant penalties. You can easily feast him without any next-morning melancholy. "Take"—that's the cookery book word, isn't it?—one of his best biscuits, and bake it gently; not too much, but enough for perfect crispness. Scrunch this in his dish, with a more than usual ration of fresh, raw, lean steak, cut pretty small into *thin* slivers. Mince a little well-cooked onion, and mix this with some jolly good meat gravy to flavour the whole. Add a little minced cooked liver, and you have a Christmas haggis to delight any Dog. Substitute well-cooked rabbit flesh (without a particle of bone) for the raw steak if you like—a third more in bulk—for practically all Dogs love it.

You know the type of Jeremiahs who claim—even at Christmas-time—that the English countryside is becoming a desert waste? Maybe first cousins to the queer fish who find the country bearable for a brief summer holiday, but can't imagine what one finds to *do* there in winter. Matter of fact, the winter keeps one busier and brings more fun in the country than any season. The depressed correspondent who recently stated in a newspaper that there was no longer "any sport open to the country resident who lacks the resources of a war profiteer" is considerably off the mark.

It may be true that certain sports are more costly than they used to be, but they're not the only kind available, and the countryside is rich as ever in the kinds that call only for activity, good fellowship and good will. The man or woman who keeps a Dog or two need never go short of sport in the country, and there's still rough shooting to be had here and there, with lots of fun in it, at next to no cost at all.

The writer is not a M.F.H., but has recently become the proud Master of a local Rat Hunt which furnishes absolutely top-hole sport at no cost; and, really, you know, if your sport happens to benefit the community and the nation, while delighting you and your friends, that can hardly be counted a point against it. Our pack consists of five Wire-haired and three Smooth Fox Terriers, four Sealyhams, a Kerry, two Bedlingtons, a Die-hard, three Irishmen, a Welsh Terrier (very nippy), half a dozen unclassed Terriers of the "just dawg" kind, and pretty useful, too, not to mention a couple of Pekes and a Griffon, who firmly believe they boss the show, and two prize-winning Cockers who are keen as mustard.

We've organised the hunt on approved lines, with duly appointed huntsmen and whippers-in, and among our members are a gamekeeper, two farmers, and a sporting blacksmith who own really good ratting ferrets. (The good ratting ferret is worth cherishing, for his craftsmanship is a joy to behold.) We never lack good covers to beat, and work no harm, but only good, at every meet; so are sure of our welcome wherever we go. Indeed, it has several times run to high teas of the real old bustin' sort in jolly farmhouse kitchens; for a couple of hours of good sport for us round barns and rick-yards is also a recognised boon to the householders concerned. Even your humanitarian extremist can hardly cock a deprecatory eye at us, for the Terrier-killed rat dies instantaneously—a better end than trap or poison ever gave; and as for the desirability of the killing, be it remembered that these vermin are costing as much as all the unemployment doles put together, as much as a sizeable war every year, by sheer destruction. The Dogs simply love it, of course; and the thrills for us, when the ferrets are in the earths, and Dogs and Dog-owners waiting, all silent and breathless—well, the thing's got to be tried to be appreciated, and we've found that every meet brings fresh enthusiasm and new members: a great game. We have killed as many as 237 in a single hunt.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

GRAND SLAM BY INFERENCE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

ONE of the best examples of use of inference from play was given by Mr. Milton Work, and occurred, I believe, in actual play.

By simple and intelligent inferences from the opening lead and the fall of the cards, after the third trick the Declarer was able to place with absolute accuracy the cards of his two opponents. Here are the hands:—

	S.—Q, J. H.—A. D.—A, 10, 8, 4, 2. C.—A, 10, 8, 3, 2.	
S.—8. H.—Q, 8, 4, 2. D.—9, 7, 6, 3. C.—9, 7, 6, 4.	Y A B Z	S.—7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2. H.—9, 7, 6, 5, 3. D.—K C.—K.
	S.—A, K, 10, 9. H.—K, J, 10. D.—Q, J, 5. C.—Q, J, 5.	

Score: Game all. Z dealt, and bid "One No-Trump"; A, "No bid"; Y, "Two No-Trumps." All passed.

A opened the 2 of Hearts, showing Z that A had a four-card suit, and that his suit is only Queen high, as Declarer and Dummy have King, Jack, 10, and Ace.

First important deduction: that A has led from his best suit, and therefore has no suit stronger or longer than his Hearts.

Trick 2: Z leads Spades from Dummy and overtakes in his own hand so as to put himself in the lead to finesse either Diamonds or Clubs. But when A plays the 8 of Spades, Z draws further deductions. The 8 of Spades is either a false card or it is a singleton. So Z has another round of Spades to make sure, and when A fails to follow suit Z now *marks B with two singleton Kings, Diamonds and Clubs.*

The deduction is reached by the following reasoning. A, having but a single Spade and no five-card suit, must have held originally three four-card suits, Hearts, Diamonds, and Clubs. If his Diamonds or Clubs had been King high, A would have opened a King suit in preference to a Queen high suit. Z and Y together have eight Diamonds and eight Clubs. As neither the King of Diamonds nor the King of Clubs is in the Dummy or in Z's hand, and as neither can be held by A, therefore B must have two singleton Kings.

Z, therefore, refuses both the finesses and makes a grand slam. Pretty work! And I wonder how many players would be able to discover the position during play?

. . . . . .

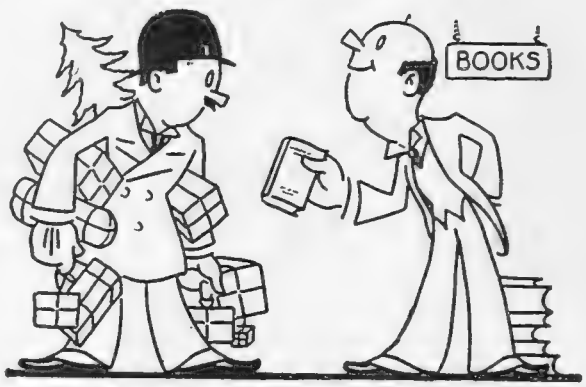
You may, of course, say it was not a certainty. A *might* have opened from a Queen high suit while possessing a suit King high. He might. But the point is that he probably wouldn't. And the idea is that by deduction Z was able to arrive at the true position. As Mr. Milton Work says—"If an amateur should see his partner open with the 2 of Hearts against Declarer's No-Trump contract, and then refuse Spades on the third trick, and if Declarer should then turn to the amateur and say, 'I see you have the King of Clubs and the King of Diamonds, both singletons,' probably the amateur would be inclined to look at the backs of his cards to see how they were marked. And yet such inferences, quick and sure, were open to the Declarer without the help of any abnormal or unusual distribution of the cards or development of the play."

Things to buy
In every shop;
Dolls that squeak,
Guns that pop.

Gollies, Soldiers,
Men-of-war,
Grown-up books by
Bernard Shaw.

Sixteen presents
(What's been missed?
There's seventeen
upon my list!)

Betty's dolly,
Teddy's gun . .
Oh Great Scott!
My Worthington!



Worthington

—quite the nicest present to give your wife's husband!

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

IT is the custom of cinema "fans," I find, to brand all those who do not go to "the pictures" except on some special occasion as "superior" people, and "superior," as you know, can be, as in this case, an epithet of abuse. Personally I would run a mile to escape some moving domestic drama of the usual American type, but I adore the antics of Mr. Keaton, Mr. Chaplin, and a few other geniuses of that sort. I am thrilled when I see a motor car do impossibilities, and my sense of the comic must be so depraved that I can appreciate the sight of a very fat and beautifully dressed gentleman falling through a trapdoor or ceiling into a convenient tub of whitewash below. And, of course, in common with most other people, I do not mind taking my weekly news in "moving" form.

Without being a "fan," however, it is impossible not to appreciate the importance of this new form of entertainment. It is impossible not to realise the immense power that it wields. What the cinema could do as an educative factor, or as the channel for propaganda, open or concealed, would not be easy to over-estimate; while as for us poor scribes the film magnates with their bags of gold are a godsend. And so I was unusually interested to see what Miss Iris Barry had to say in her book, *Let's Go To The Pictures* (Chatto and Windus: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Would she be the stern highbrow critic, or the "fan," or what?

Her chapters are certainly most interesting, and she covers a lot of ground. She has seen, and enjoyed, the "masterpieces" as well as the "fill-ups," or whatever the technical term may be. And she has some very sound things to say, not only about the magnates and the stars, but also about the producers and their world-wide audiences. It is easy to criticise the mawkish stuff that fills so many programmes, but when you are hoping to sell your film to nine-tenths of the civilised world, numbering amongst your "fans" all the most contradictory types that walk on two legs, you can hardly afford to take too many risks, even with untold money bags at your elbow.

For this reason, if for no other, there will be no very great change, I fancy, in the cinema-plays of the near future, and we can only hope, with Miss Barry, that the first-class work will not be allowed to suffer. Technically speaking, to be sure, each year sees marked progress, but what with the sheiks and the cowboys and the ill-used heroines, all of whom have stepped straight out of the old penny dreadfuls, I am not expecting any speedy advance. The whole question is extraordinarily complicated, and if Miss Barry has not aimed at providing any one solution she has at least drawn up a very lively and common-sense survey of the industry as it is to-day.

❋

I CAN imagine no more delightful Christmas present for the price than Mr. G. C. Faber's new edition of *The Poetical Works of John Gay* (Oxford University Press: 3*s.* 6*d.* net). The editor has done his work really well, and he has included "The Beggar's Opera," "Polly," and selections from Gay's other dramatic work. His introduction may possibly delight the scholar and the bibliographer more than the general reader—to my bookish mind it is exactly right—but you need not read introductions if they are not to your taste—and at least you can be sure that in the poems you are reading a sound text. It is, however, the book's remarkably low price which will attract most attention. Eight-and-sixpence, you think, would not have been unfair. With its publication, moreover, nobody will be able to complain that Gay, that light-hearted poet whom his friends loved so much, is beyond his purse.

I COMMEND to your attention another of Mr. H. V. Morton's charming little books about London. *The Nights of London* (Methuen: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) has all the grace of its predecessors, and as before there is the same amazing variety. East or West, North or South—all provide Mr. Morton with material for one of his dramatic little pictures, this time in the evening and in what are called, I have never been able to fathom why, the small hours of the morning. R. S.

A Valuable Reference Book

Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes, the 1927 edition of which is now ready, forms a most useful work of reference. In addition to the lists of the Royal Family, Members of the Houses of Lords and Commons, Ministers, etc., much useful information is given about Tables of Precedence, forms of epistolary address, the principal clubs, etc. The Handbook, which is published by Kelly's Directories, Ltd., costs 30*s.*

A Diary for Sportsmen

The 1927 edition of the *Services Sports Diary,* which is now ready, is particularly suited for sportsmen, giving as it does the dates of all the principal sporting events for the coming year. In addition, it contains a calendar for the four years 1926-1929, instead of three years as is usual, dimensions of sports grounds, courts, gears, etc., and the winners for the past five years of the Amateur and Open Championships and the County Cricket Championship for 1926. The diary is obtainable from Messrs. Alfred Hays, 26, Old Bond Street, and 74, Cornhill, at 2*s.* 6*d.* in leather, or 1*s.* 6*d.* in cloth.

An Oxford Weekly

The Cherwell is a bright Undergraduate production published from 17, Cornmarket Street, Oxford, and in contrast to the rival University's slogan of "*A Bas les Femmes,*" it is kindly tolerant towards the Undergraduette. There is a sly humour on many of *The Cherwell* pages, which is surprising and gratifying in this type of production, while it has the great advantage of being catholic in its subjects.

Topical

ON PARADE IN BELFAST

The Rt. Hon. J. R. Coates, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, inspecting the Guard of Honour on his arrival at Belfast from Dublin. His host, Sir James Craig, is following immediately behind him

BY WILL OWEN

THE OPTIMIST

THE LAST ROUND!

"Fatty" Jones *v.* "Tubby" Smith

BY STAN TERRY

Femi

CONCERNING CAMOU

By "CANDIDA"

WHEN the history of th
comes to be written i
out, I suppose, like al
histories of all the other cent
went before. No one will be p
impressed, which is a bore, c
how hard we've worked to c
face of the world and, incide
own; how we've altered our fi
frocks, and our facts, and h
hustled and bustled our way th
busy days. But alas! human
still human nature, and until
that modern improvements w
improving nothing, or, anyway

SAID one of our intelligentsia
day in a moment of insigh
nineteenth century belonged
land." No one denies it. "T
tieth is America's"; it's
"The twenty-first will be Rus
tury, and as for the twent
'Blackbirds' gives us a hint.
and any evening in smart pla
they're dancing "Black Bottom
is, I believe, an æsthetic, a
well-meant, version of scraping
the soles of one's feet. Myself
failed at this unæsthetic æstl
of concealing art, I wish they'd
to the twenty-second century, where it
properly belongs, or will belong.

I'M in love with my own century, of course, and hope they'll do it justice when distance has lent the usual disenchantment. The same thing happens to time as to clothes. They've only one moment, the one they're born in. Yesterday's fashions are like a sin one repents of, and the old days are bad, except to the people who were young in them. You've only got to listen to any young t ing on the Victorians, "those giants of our wonderful century," and you'll gather that there never was such a time for Philistine virtue (which was really a vice), for respectability which amounted to a crime, or a mania; for manias which were respectability itself as compared with ours; for repressions considered fine and noble before Freud made short work of them; and for enormous families which managed to overcrowd somehow not their own century, but ours.

WHAT will they say about us in the twenty-first century? I'd be immensely intrigued if I didn't know that virtues turn into vices in retrospect, and that vices pale into insignificance. Time has such a horrid way of levelling things. But, before the levelling process has begun to make nonsense of our values, it's fun to air opinions which will not have, and perhaps never had, any value. To me, at the end of 1926, camouflage is the outstanding vice, or perhaps virtue of the century. The word is comparatively new, but the habit's as old as the world. Not that the world knew it for what it was. In the nineteenth century of blessed memory, when a heavy benevolence hung in the air like a fog and everybody was tarred with the life-is-real-life-is-earnest brush, the camouflage process was part of one's skin, as it were. Nowadays it's the make-up that's laid on top of it.

"CORA ANN" *Janet Jeans*

A new portrait of Miss Louise Prussing, who is playing the part of Cora Ann Milton, the wife of the Ringer, in Mr. Edgar Wallace's thriller of that name at Wyndham's. Cora Ann proves conclusively that a resourceful wife is indispensable to a criminal

TO come down to facts. Youth is the only time of life that's worth thinking about, or dressing for; therefore everybody's youthful, to look at, anyway, and that, for a vast majority, means camouflage laid on thick in places and taken off relentlessly in others. It's an ill wind, etc. There are to-day twenty flourishing camouflage, I mean beauty, parlours to one of the days of complexions *au naturel*. There are diet specialists, dancing teachers, exercise instructors, and massage people who are all too busy to live. And as for the things that we hang on our bones, they've lost their sense of right and wrong, of reality and pretence—that is if they ever had any. Reach-me-downs are camouflaged into Paris models, and they take in the very elect—sometimes. Pearls are as plentiful as blackberries, and there's hardly any point in wearing a pearl necklace that isn't camouflaged. Even actresses have lost the art of losing a priceless string in the off-season. And as for furs, where's the fun of being Russian-sabled and authentic down to the last tail when they turn you out something just as nice to look at for a song, something that's conjured out of goodness knows what? "Coney" covers a multitude of charming backs and subterfuge.

THE inside of the lady is as beautifully camouflaged as the outside. Who's got time or inclination to be sincerely sincere and rock-bottom when it's much more fun to camouflage feeling (if any) according to the latest pattern? It's an affair of heads, not hearts, and that poor organ is more than ever left out of things. But, as life might be too dull without it, some clever doctor man I've heard of has saved the situation, in the true spirit of camouflage, of course. Everybody knows (at least I do since yesterday) that two nerves control the heart's action: The pneumogastric, which slows down the beat and chills emotion, and the sympathetic, which does the other thing. It appears from the latest discoveries that you can accentuate or diminish those tiresome and hitherto unaccountable heart beats by taking either potassium or calcium. It sounds simple enough, but, think of it, what difference to the world! Enough to make life worth living and enjoying! For instance: Some evening when someone is playing the *Sonate Pathétique* and the world seems to stand on tiptoe for something to happen, and you feel yourself falling in love with the wrong person, and things look like never being so nice and comfortable again—you simply take a dose of calcium, and all is well. Or, on some moonlit night, on board ship or somewhere, you long to recapture the careless rapture of your twenties if only for an hour or two. Why not? All things are possible—to potassium. I can imagine it, can't you?

CANDIDA.

NOTES

Christmas [illegible] day and night.

***

IT is difficult at the present moment to feel really serious, with all manner of celebrations in the near future. Those who have cars are only too pleased to use them, with the reduced transport services owing to the holidays. Those who do not own a car can scarcely be bothered to think about purchasing one until all the festivities have died down, and there is therefore little point in me solemnly giving my weighty views on the merits of such and such a car. All cars are good nowadays, only some are better than others. Let us get on with our

[illegible] animating the tennis balls [illegible] lop Rubber Company, Ltd. Instead of each ball being blown up from the outside it is inflated from within. During the process of manufacture a small pellet, similar in appearance to an aspirin tablet, is placed inside and, when the ball is heated, the pellet gasifies and blows up the ball. Think how simple it would be to inflate a tyre by dropping an aspirin tablet into the valve and then holding a match under it.

***

SPEAKING of Dunlop's reminds me that every motorist, when the opportunity offers itself, should make a point of visiting the vast works at Fort Dunlop, on the outirts of Birmingham. There are ver 14,000 operatives busy all day ng, the larger number of them aking tyres, and very good tyres t that, as all Dunlop users will gree. When I finally reached the pen air after a recent visit to the orks I was almost dizzy with ie attempt to remember the hunreds of processes through which ie parts go before they become tyre. And I was also very eary, having walked many miles rough the different shops of the actory. Go to Fort Dunlop and e impressed.

***

LONG winter nights are responsible for an enormous consumption of electricity. Stand, ay, on the Great West Road, and ount the number of cars which ass in a certain time, practically ll with five lamps fully on. Try to estimate the total candle power employed in that time, and from that you can estimate the amount of energy which is ssipated. I cannot do it at nt, but I am sure it will come rmous figure. This would suggest lighting problem would be more lly solved if the roads themselves ted, thus making it unnecessary to carry headlights, and simulsolving the dazzle problem.

***

SOME refractory engines require starting-handle assistance on cold and frosty mornings, and some modern engines require a Sandow to "swing" them successfully. This week's tip is to rig up some connection with the starter switch at the *front* of the car. Handle and starter can be used simultaneously, and even a weak man like myself can swing a big engine.

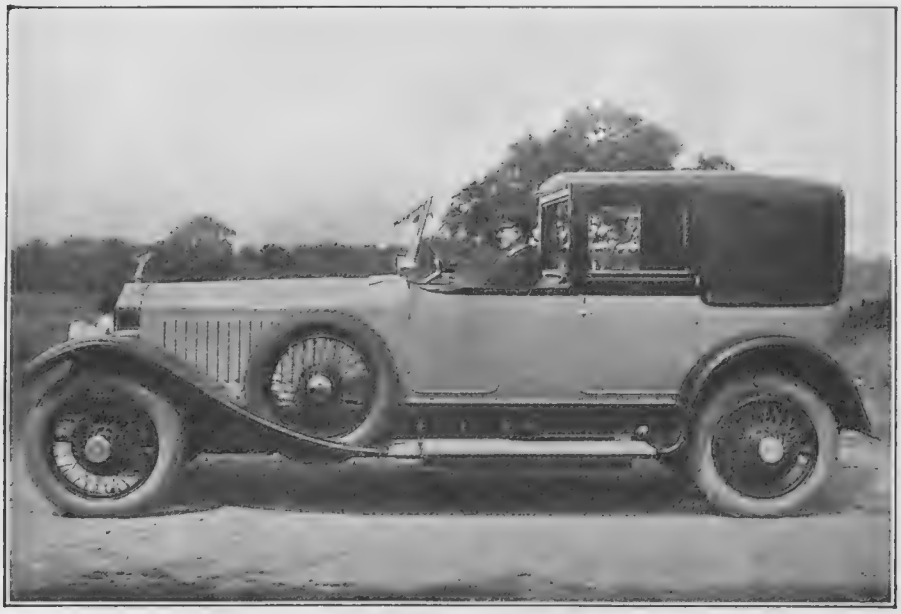
***

THE price war between the American car manufacturers is still developing. Now that Mr. Henry Ford will be marketing a new six-cylinder Ford and an eight-cylinder Lincoln car to compete with the products of General Motors Ltd., the Hudson-Essex combination have lowered the present prices of the Hudson and the Essex cars and have decided to build an entirely new four-door Essex Sedan to enter the market against the Buick, the Chrysler, the Studebaker and the Morris. The new Essex Sedan will be marketed at £275, while the Essex Coach is already selling at £225.

***

ONE pleasing after-effect of the Motor Show, which has been voted on all sides as an outstanding success, is the fact that a large number of orders for British cars have come from European buyers as well as from the Dominions. One sees more and more British cars on the Continental roads each year. A few weeks ago, while motoring in the mountainous country in the south of France, and down the Rhone valley, I met no fewer than seven of the most popular of our tiny cars, some of them in a more or less dilapidated condition through hard usage by their French owners, and twelve other makes which hail from England. A few years ago the only foreign cars which French drivers favoured hailed from America.

GEORGE C. STEAD.



A HANDSOME SIX-SEATER

The "Hooper" Single Cabriolet on a 40/50 Rolls-Royce New Phantom chassis. The car is painted in blue and black, and is upholstered in velvet calfskin, the interior woodwork being of walnut with gilt ormolu edging to the cabinet

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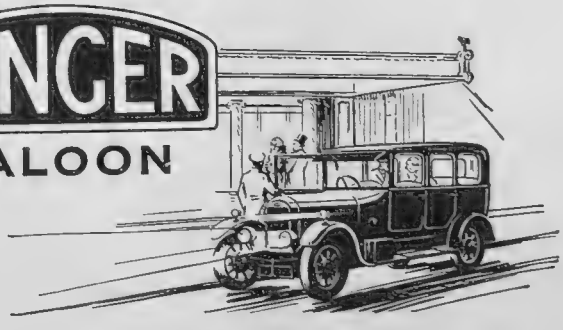
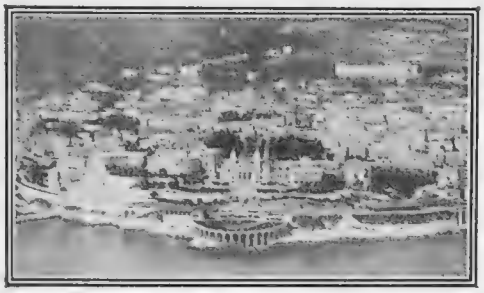
in a SINGER SALOON



BIGGEST VALUE IN BRITISH SALOONS

H.P.



Bird's-eye View of Monte Carlo.

MONTE CARLO THE MECCA OF THE ELITE

THERE is nothing more instructive than the reading of a good, sound and reliable paper. England is perhaps the country in Europe which stands first and foremost in the respect of possessing a body of journalists who pride themselves on keeping up its unsullied reputation, by the veracity of the information given and, above all, by being able to claim themselves —unbribable. There are, of course, a few black sheep; no flock, however perfect its condition, is without them; thus are we called to read, now and again, the most startling news, which can only have sprouted out of the over-heated imagination of a novice at writing trying to advertise himself.

Take our beautiful Riviera for example. The most exaggerated information as to the real state of affairs has been allowed to slip through a certain Press, such as: sensational rumours of war, landslides engulfing whole villages, heavy rainfalls flooding whole districts, bad sanitary conditions owing to an indifferent water supply etc., etc.

All this idle gossip can easily be reduced to nothing by giving a true and reliable statement.

War, war, war! . . . This seems to be the rallying cry of the World. One would think that after the atrociously cruel experience of 1914–1918, the word itself would have become taboo, and that peace, blissful peace, alone would have been spoken of.

Our charming little Principality has a great deal to be thankful for; we have, of course, an army, and a very elaborately dressed one; we have also most efficient police, law courts, a prison, in fact, everything that goes towards the establishment of a State; for we are a recognised State, even if under the protection of FRANCE; but all these institutions, of which we are extremely proud, are the means of ensuring our well-being, and the development of the country we love for the advantages it confers so lavishly on its residents and visitors. For the past two centuries the Principality has known that peace and happiness reserved for nations devoid of any ambition to make a name in history, and our hopes are that it may continue to do so for an even longer period.

The best proof that these rumours of war in our country are entirely groundless lies in the fact that France's financial position is daily improving.

There have, unfortunately, been some landslides in far away Roquebillière, that flourishing summer resort built up in the pleasant valley of the Vésubie and some two dozen lives have been lost: poor peasants who had been warned as to the coming danger, but who were so attached to their homes, farms and plots of land, that, hoping against hope, they would not leave the doomed spot, or listen to the advice of experienced engineers.

We have had storms and days of rain, but even on the sun-kissed shores of the blue Mediterranean, we have to have a small allowance of bad weather sometime during the year, and it is much better to have it over in November, before the Season gets fully started, than later on, when all the festivities are in full swing. Old Sol is now busy making up for lost time and past days of rain. The meteorological prospects are all that can be desired. Floods have never been experienced in this part of the world where rainfalls are the exception; and, as far as the sanitary conditions are concerned, public health has never been better. For a few days, owing to the difficulty of getting the water well filtered on account of the stoppage of the strainer, due to the Vésubie landslides, we had to be satisfied with the town water supply; but now all is perfectly normal again and MONTE CARLO has lost none of its allurements, none of its charm. It is, and will remain—The Mecca of the "Elite."

Monte Carlo Theatre: Prince of Monaco's private entrance.

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FASHION'S FANCIES

By MRS. JACK MAY

FOR THE DANCE

A girl's attractive frock in powdered-blue *faille* taffetas. The long V-shaped opening in front is thrown back with revers of palest pink

Original design by Betty Nesbit

Shall it be Slim or Full?

THIS is a query many are asking themselves in view of the many dance frocks now in demand, and the answer seems obvious—have both. That is, if you have the figure and personality to carry off the modernised *robe de style*; that anyway makes for change and variety, and in tulle the picture frocks are a very dream. And, furthermore, invite recognition of the *jupe* that drops appreciably longer at the back, a movement that, in the opinion of many, is the thin end of the wedge of longer skirts. Rumours are rife in Paris that these will materialise, but the actual order awaits confirmation.

Meanwhile one sees more and more of the uneven hem, both in slim and fluffy frocks, though it is to be observed how an abbreviated appearance is maintained in front—which looks like a small subterfuge on the part of *couturières* to distract attention from the longer back. In any case, however, it makes for change and graceful line, and in tulle, as has been said, is dainty and persuasive, the very slim normal waist bodices accompanying these skirts acting as a capital foil. The other side of this evening story are dresses as short and as slight as ever, to which effective line is imparted by elaborate bead embroideries, mostly worked in curves and geometrical patterns. A fringe of the same glittering character is also much in evidence. This, in a narrow width, posed in waved lines, provides more movement than do embroideries.

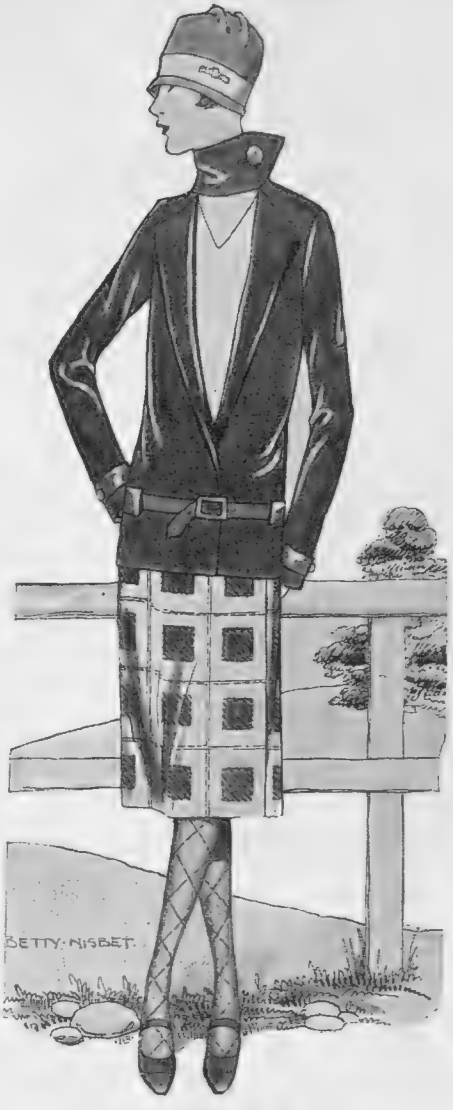
With one and all petticoats are conspicuous by their absence, being replaced by shorts of georgette to match the gown, or of silver *lamé*. *En passant* it may be mentioned there are signs that we shall see and hear more of these *culottes*, not only in connection with evening but also day dresses, when they will probably be far more in evidence. A little thing reported on good authority is that, with elaborately beaded evening toilettes, no well-dressed woman ever wears a floral posy, these being reserved for plain chiffon, tulle, and taffeta. A representative example of the now approved *robe de style* is shown by our artist, a chic little girl's frock fashioned in powder-blue *faille* taffetas, the long V opening in front thrown back with revers of palest pink, the pocket *motifs* either side of the skirt being carried out in flowers of fuchsia colourings.

Always in Request

THOSE of the world where they amuse themselves, who are not occupied in getting outfits for the Swiss sports, are concerned with clothes for the Côte d'Azur. Of the two, the last-named is the more interesting, since it is a well-known fact that *couturières* try out fresh inspirations in the sunny South, though their efforts are rather restricted these days, as far as day garments are concerned, in view of the obsession obtaining for sport. No matter whether she actively participates or merely looks on the average woman on the Riviera elects to wear clothes of a simple, genuine, or quasi-sports character. It would take a tome to tell the different varieties of jumper-suits that are wending their way there, effected in the latest novelty stockinettes, Shetland, and silk weaves, kasha, and *crêpe de Chine*; many with jumpers horizontally striped, or smart double-breasted waistcoat front blouses. *Suède*, as behoves a certain rage of the hour, is conspicuously in evidence. In her original sketch our artist suggests a *suède* coat in the Quorn hunt colour—a rich chestnut shade—worn with a skirt of pale fawn patterned in brown, and a tone of orange. The lapels of the coat do up when required,

THE WAVE PAR EXCELLENCE

A delightful example of the Gallia-Boncelle method of permanent waving. It was executed at the Emile Salons, 24-25, Conduit Street, W.1



AN OUTDOOR NOTE

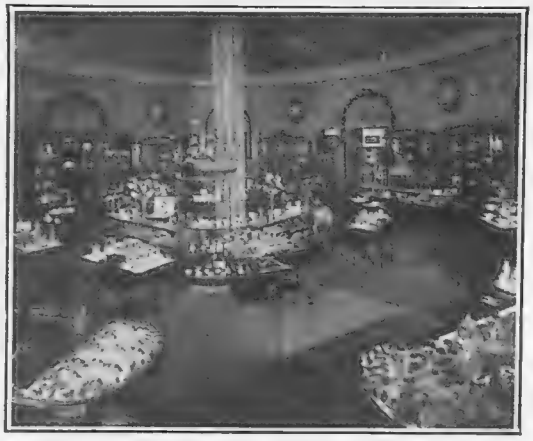
A *suède* coat in the Quorn hunt colour is effectively set off by a skirt of pale fawn patterned in brown. The lapels of the coat do up when required

Original design by Betty Nesbit

and the straight, stand-up collar buttons with a piquant end under the left ear.

More than Ever a Woman's Glory

NATURE beaten at her own game is the triumphant issue of M. Emile's Gallia-Boncelle method of permanent waving, which is carried on at the Salons, 24-25, Conduit Street. Having brought his wide experience to bear on shingled heads—and it is the first shingle that counts—Emile is obviously the personage to consult and rely upon. He knows at once the right style to affect, and that which he dictates stands for the best; and akin with all the leading *coiffeurs,* he advocates the full shingle wherever possible, evidence of which is afforded in the adjoined illustration. It is almost difficult to credit that these soft, loose *ondulés* are other than natural, whereas their origin is the Gallia-Boncelle method. The photograph was taken immediately after a treatment, which is proof positive that the method is entirely immune from the slightest suggestion of frizziness. In addition to which the Gallia-Boncelle system is extraordinarily quick; every conceivable appliance being utilised to save time and labour, while the absence of anything deleterious to the head and hair is fully guaranteed. Poor lack-lustre hair is indeed improved materially under this process, not only in growth, but also sheen. And small need at this date to press home the asset a perfect, immaculately turned out head is to every woman be she young or middle-aged.



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For Winter Nights

When the snow is falling outside and the thermometer has gone down with a bang, a chair in front of a cheerful fire, flickering up from a well-filled grate, is one of the most pleasant things in the world. But fires are contrary things, and sometimes are extraordinarily stubborn in the matter of burning. With a pair of Lister Bellows, however, the flames soon leap into prominence, and the Lister " Fireside " Tub for keeping logs in makes an artistic addition to the fireplace. Lister Bellows may be bought in different designs, and the " Fireside " Tub with or without a seat.

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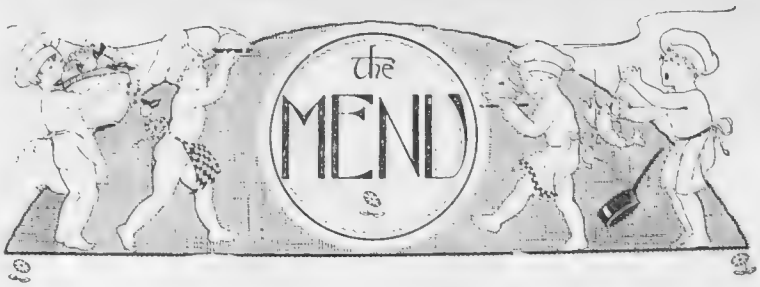

SOME CHESTNUT NOVELTIES

CHESTNUT SOUP.
CHESTNUT SALAD.
CHESTNUT CREAM.
COMPOTE OF CHESTNUTS.
CHESTNUT NOTION.

Chestnut Soup

BOIL 1 lb. of large chestnuts for twenty minutes. After having taken off the outsides and skins, put them in a saucepan and cover with boiling water. Add a little salt and a piece of lemon-peel. When quite soft rub through a sieve. Then pour over the pulped chestnuts two quarts of veal or chicken broth, half a tea-cupful of cream, and one tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour. Stir this well together, boil it up, and serve very hot. This makes sufficient soup for eight people.

Chestnut Salad

Put about twenty-four chestnuts in the oven and cook them until the shell and skin can be easily removed; put into a stew-pan and cover with stock or water. Add an onion and boil until the nuts are quite tender. When cooked, let them get cold. Cut a head of celery into strips, chop up the chestnuts and mix with the celery in a salad-bowl. Season with salt and pepper, and pour over some Mayonnaise sauce. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, and garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs and tomato or beetroot.

Chestnut Cream

Boil about 1 lb. of chestnuts in a pint of milk and a gill of water. When tender skin and pound them. Whip up half a pint of cream, and after having rubbed the pounded chestnuts through a coarse wire sieve place the mixture piled in a glass or silver dish, with the whipped cream on the top, keeping it high in the centre Garnish with crystallised cherries or quarters of orange which have been peeled and dipped in sugar.

Compote of Chestnuts

Remove the outer skin of some chestnuts and put them in a saucepan of cold water. Bring to the boil, and then peel off the under skin, being careful not to break the nuts. Make a syrup with half a pint of water, ¼ lb. of castor sugar, a glass of sherry, and the juice of a lemon. Simmer the chestnuts in this for twenty minutes. Strain the syrup, pour it over the chestnuts, and serve hot or cold.

Chestnut Notion

Shell about twenty-five large chestnuts, boil them, and when done pound them into a paste, and stir into it 2 oz. of melted fresh butter, add some powdered sugar and some flavouring, either vanilla, almond, or liqueur; let this mixture cool, then pass it through a sieve, and pile it high on a dish, and around and over it put some whipped cream.

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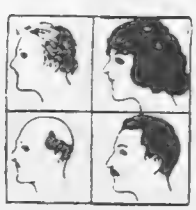

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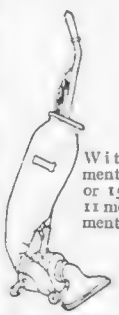

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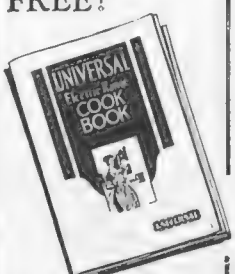

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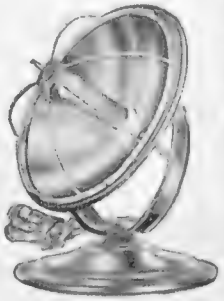

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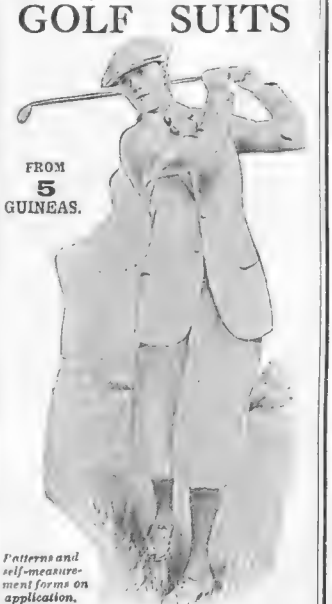

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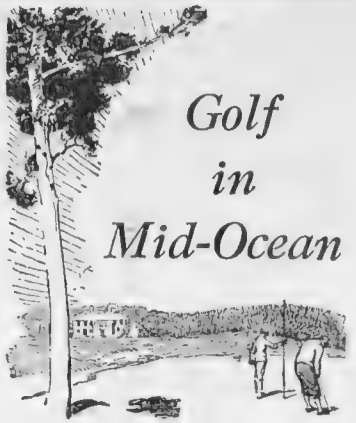

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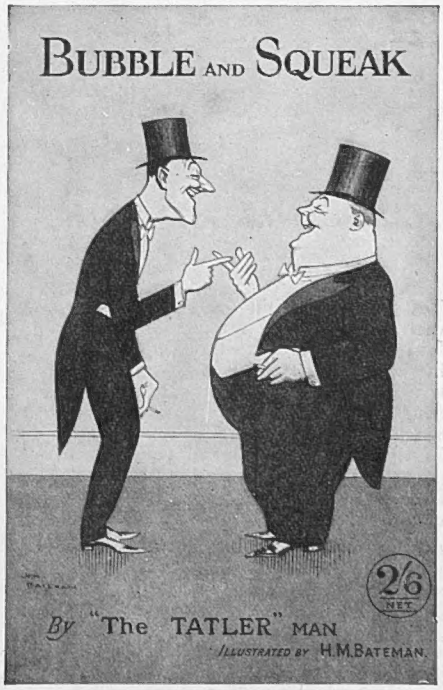

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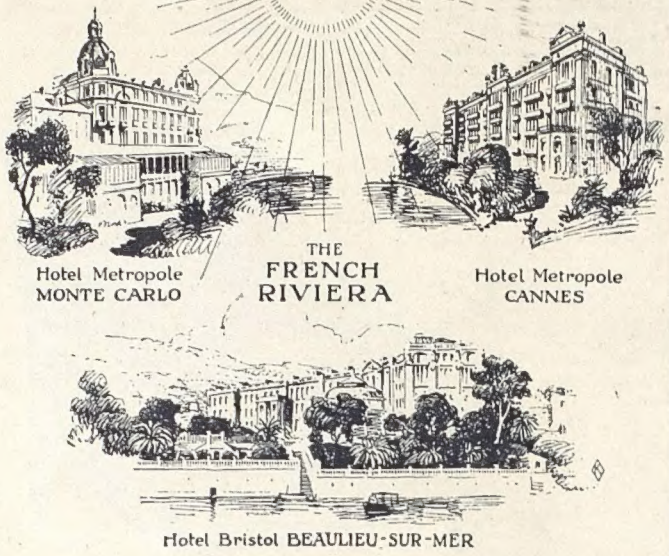

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